Hammond

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HAND AND HEART.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

I met her in the woodland ways,
A simple maid, untaught of art,
And wooed her through the sunny days,
To give me there her hand and heart.

I told her of my fair estate,
How in high places she should shine
The richest matron's peer and mate,
If she would add her troth to mine.

"You ask too much;" replied the maid;
"It may be, in your modern art,
An empty form,—a trick of trade,—
This coupling of the hand and heart.

"But I am of another mind—
Fair words, with me, fair sense command.
Were I to give my heart inclined,
I had no need to sell my hand.

"I may be foolish, but I hold
That she—howe'er the bargain's made—
Who gives herself for rank or gold,
Makes but a meretricious trade!

"If you would win me, you must sue
In other fashion. You must prove
Not that your fortunes, but that you
Are fair and worthy of my love!"

So, walking still the woodland ways,
I used no further guile nor art
Than Love; and, after many days,
I won the maiden's hand and heart!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER V.

THE WENTWORTHS.

The night on which Rose Wentworth was born was furnished out with all suitable auguries. It was more nearly morning than night. That was well, to be born as the day was breaking and morning was fresh on all the earth. The dew lay pure on all the ground, and the birds were singing.

[illegible] April, and the resurrection of the vegetable world was going on. If one feels the influence of the seasons upon his natal hour, it was fit that Dr. Wentworth's first born should come, not with the wan and waning months of autumn, but in the months of newness, when all things feel the touch of recreative power. The day before had been soft and showery. Southern winds filled the air with moisture and that fragrant smell of soil and the slight balsamic odor of opening buds, which to some sensitive persons is strangely exhilarating, and which stirs the mind with subtle suggestion, and, after the long imprisonment of winter, sets the tremulous imagination into wild delight.

In the afternoon there had been several peals of thunder, which at that early season awakened surprise in all, but which the Doctor accepted as a part of a happy conjunction of natural phenomena significant of his child's life and fate.

Mother Taft had been waiting at the house for several days. She seemed gently stirred at the sound of thunder. But even thunder could not move her serene nature to more than quiet wonder. Half the children in the village called her auntie, and grew up with the impression that she was blood kin to them. Her face was young for one of fifty years, white and smooth. Her blue eye never flashed, or glowed, or burned, or pierced, or did any of those violent things to which eyes are addicted. Sad eyes; pitying eyes! For years she had stood a doorkeeper for this sad world, and all that came in had begun their life with cries and wails, as if to prophesy their future. Had pity for those born into sorrow and crying at last stamped itself in her very features?

When the thunder broke forth suddenly and rolled away in the distance with softened cadence, Mother Taft moved to the front door. Her walking was of that quiet kind that seemed to have no more footsteps in it than has the shadow of a cloud that is gliding along the ground. Dr. Wentworth was coming through the door-yard, noting on every hand the condition of vegetation. The willows had thrown off their silky catkins, and were in leaf; the lilac buds were swollen large; the elm was covered with chocolate-colored blossoms; the *pyrus japonica* was reddening its clusters of crimson buds; the green-wooded *forsythia* was pushing yellow flowers; and the soft maple drew bees to its crimson tassels. In the border, peonies were breaking ground; snow-drops and crocuses were in bloom, as also hepaticas. The grass was becoming vividly green, and honeysuckles—especially over the trellis at the front door—were pushing new leaves. Yes, nature was fairly at work! The sap flowed again. Life was once more organizing myriads of curious textures and forms with silent forces infinite and almost omnipotent.

The Doctor searched not as one who would take, but only find. When the thunder sounded he bared his head as if he heard some message. His eye brightened with satisfaction, and, as Mother Taft opened the door, he said, softly but solemnly:

"She will hear God's voice. Flowers live. All things are coming forth. Her time is come. But she must have her crown."

Calling Pete, a great, black, clumsy-moving fellow, the Doctor said:

"Pete, I want some trailing arbutus; where does it blossom earliest?"

"What?" said Pete, looking perplexed.

"Where can you get the earliest Mayflower?"

"May-flowers—why on Howlet's Hill, of course," said Pete, as if surprised that the Doctor did not know so plain a fact as that.

"Well, Pete, I haven't been here as long as you have, and don't know the ins and outs of the fields yet. But bring up the horses and drive me there. Don't let grass grow under your feet."

Passing through a pine wood, where no flowers were yet growing, and ascending the hill, through an open wood where hemlock and deciduous trees were mixed, they came near the top to a half cleared space, to the eye brown and barren, except here and there clumps of evergreen kalmias. Pete's eye was seldom at fault.

"There's some, Doctor, by that stump; and there's some beyond, ever so much." Clearing away the leaves he revealed the sweetest flower that opens to the northern sky. It is content, though lying upon the very ground. It braves the coldest winters. All the summer can not elaborate a perfume so sweet as that which seems to have been born of the very winter. It is like the breath of love. The pure white and pink blossoms, in sweet clusters, lie hidden under leaves, or grass, and often under untimely snows. Blessings on thee! Thou art the fairest, most modest and sweetest-breathed of all our flowers!

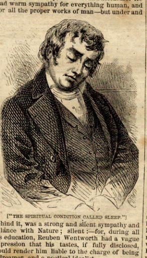
Enough for a wreath were soon gathered, and brought home—the fittest emblem wherewith to greet the little damsel.

Near twilight of the next morning, while the air was soft and balmy, and roots were swelling, and buds opening, and blossoms coming forth, and birds singing love-songs in all the trees, was born Rose Wentworth.

Dr. Reuben Wentworth was born in the old town of Norwich, Connecticut, in one of the old pre-revolutionary houses, under the shade of old elms. What with the early colonial history, and the always romantic legends of the Indians, he found the whole region about his birthplace rich in historic incident.

His family originally came from the eastern part of Massachusetts, and to this circumstance, probably, it was owing, that he studied at Harvard University. A respectable student in the regular course, he had the reputation of being very busy with studies outside of the course. He early manifested a strong taste for Natural Science, but was never satisfied with that part which the books contain, but, with an instinct as strong as that which leads an infant to its mother's breast for food, he turned from the dry descriptions and classifications to the living things themselves. At first, it was almost wholly an instinct, the sensibility of exquisite taste. But to this was added, by gradual unfolding, a rational element, and then a moral sympathy, *until he* found himself united to the organized system of nature with every part of his being.

This task did not detach him from the love of books, nor of society, nor of art and literature. He had warm sympathy for everything human, and for all the proper works of man—but under and behind it, was a strong and silent sympathy and alliance with Nature; silent:—for, during all his education, Reuben Wentworth had a vague impression that his tastes, if fully disclosed, would render him liable to the charge of being a dreamer, and a poetical idealist.

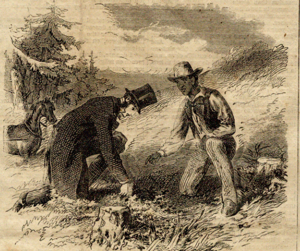


["THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION CALLED SLEEP."]

The uncle, whose purse had carried him through college, was an old bachelor of fifty years—spry, lean, and chipper—Ebenezer by name. But people are usually overclothed with names; and as men in summer or at work, throw off their superfluous raiment till their arms are bare, so most folks dispense with a portion of their names; and Ebenezer Wentworth passed everywhere as *Uncle Eb.* He wrote his name Eb. Wentworth—tying them together with a long flourish, as if afraid they would get separated. He used to laugh at people's names.

"Folks use their children as if they were garret pegs, to hang old clothes on—first a jacket, then a coat, and then another jacket. You have to take them all down to find either one. Our children go trudging all their lives with their load of names, as if they were old Jews returning with an assortment of clothes. People use their children as registers to preserve the names of aunts and uncles, parents and grandparents, and so inscribe them with the names of the dead, as if tombstones were not enough." And so he would run on for an hour, if any one would listen, and even if they did not; for he was a natural talker—talked nearly all the time when awake—no more if men listened to him, no less if they did not. Unlike the race of natural talkers, his conversation contained a great deal of good sense, and of shrewd observation. It was full of whims, too, and ludicrous exaggerations, particularly when any one opposed him. There was no excess and no absurdity which he would not zealously defend, if some sober and literal man sought logically to corner him. He disputed axioms, refused to admit first principles, laughed at premises, and ran down conclusions, dogmatized and madly asserted, with the merriest and absurdest indifference to all consistency—and for which there is no parallel;—unless it be that of a very lively horse, in a very large pasture; with a very gouty man trying to catch him.

But this was superficial. At bottom Uncle Eb. was a stern moralist and loyal to the last degree in his conduct to honor and truth.



[IN SEARCH OF FLOWERS FOR ROSE'S WREATH.]

If you had a pet theory, or an assumptious argument, or a logical brat prigged up with pretentious authority, Uncle Eb. was the most dangerous of men to entrust it with. He was a sore trouble to theologians and a nuisance to theorists. But if you were dying, he was just the man to entrust your estate with. Punctual, exact, sharp, disinterested, but pragmatical, he neither would cheat nor allow cheating. There was no more vaporing, no more wild caracoles of the horse aforesaid, in open fields, but, like the horse in harness, he settled down to his work with edifying sobriety and regularity.

"Well, Reuben, you graduate this summer. What next? What are you going to do? You are pretty well stuffed with trash. It will take several years to forget what you ought not to have learned, and to get rid of the evil effects of foolish instruction. But that will come pretty much of itself. College learning is very much like snow, and the more a man has of it the less can the soil produce. It's not till practical life melts it that the ground yields anything. Men get over it quicker in some kinds of business than in others. The college sticks longest on ministers and schoolmasters; next, to lawyers; not much to doctors; and none at all to merchants and gentlemen. You can't afford to be a gentleman, and so you must choose among other callings."

"Can't a man, Uncle Eb., be a gentleman in any respectable calling?"

"Oh dear, no. *My* gentleman must take all his time to it, spend his life at it, be jealous of everything else. He is a kind of perfect man, a sort of chronometer, for other men to keep time by. One is enough for a whole town. One is enough—two would be a superfluity, and a class of them simply a nuisance. A gentleman should have feeling—but should hide it. People of much sentiment are like fountains, whose overflow keeps a disagreeable puddle about them. He should have knowledge, but not like your educated men of our day whose knowledge sings and crows, and cackles with every achievement. His knowledge should be like apples in autumn hanging silently on the boughs—rich, ripe and still. A gentleman should be business-like by instinct. Affairs in his hands come to pass silently and without ado as Nature compasses her results—the vastest range and round of spring work making less noise than one store or shop. I tell you, Reuben, a gentleman is a rare specimen. He requires so much in the making that few are made."

"But people consider you a gentleman, Uncle Eb."

"Tut, tut—no ridicule, young man! I am gentlemanly. That's another thing. I have worked too hard,—showing that I had not enough power. Power works easily. I have fretted too much. Fretting is a perpetual confession of weakness. It says, 'I want to, and can't.' Fretting is like a little dog pawing and whining at a door because he can't get in. No, no. A gentleman is like a fine piece of statuary, and must not be used like a caryatides to hold up porticos or cornices. He must be so fine that he accomplishes more while doing nothing than others do with all their bustle. He must be better than other men at the start, or he will grow rough in trying to mend matters, and so be like the best of common men who only succeed in getting ready to live when it is time for them to die."

"Is not Squire Perkins a gentleman?"

"Good and polite! But not *my* gentleman. His grain is not fine. His mother was a sailor's widow, hearty and good-natured, but coarse in substance. All that Judge Perkins can claim is good nature, which is a mere matter of health. Good digestion—you are good-natured; bad digestion—you are morose! One of these days men will call things by their right names. Then they won't say: he's of a good disposition; but, he has a good stomach. Half the grace that's going is nothing but food. Paul said the kingdom was not meat and drink. Very likely not hereafter. But it is here. Good steak and light bread is benevolence. Coffee is inspiration and humor. Good tea is tenderness and sprightliness—facts very humbling of our excellences. But they're facts. Perkins is a good fellow. But if he was old, had the rheumatism, and was to have his money stolen, he would be as sour as a crab apple."

Young Wentworth was amused at his uncle's crotchets, and loved to oppose him just enough to keep the old gentleman on the edge of extravagance, without being fairly driven over into absurdity.

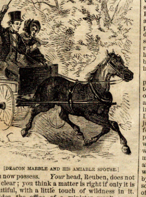
"No, Reuben, gentlemen are foreordained from all eternity. They can't be hurried up and put together on order, like a box of shoes for the southern market. A gentleman must see everybody without looking, and know everybody without inquiry, and say just the right thing to everybody without trying to; and, above all, he must make everybody in his presence do the best things they know how to do. That's the touchstone. I've seen men come almost up to [illegible] then they would let people get angry; they would suffer them to say and do disagreeable things. That will never do. The gentleman is a natural king. He has the intuition of people's nature, and can touch just the spot in them that is sweetest, and get out of them what they would never have wrought out of themselves. One or two gentlemen are enough for a town. They are steeples which we put on churches, not on dwelling houses."

"Very well, uncle, I will give up being a gentleman. Such a brilliant exception to good and well-bred men I was not born to be. What next?"

"You should never make a clergyman of yourself. You are not bad, but then you're not good. A man should be born to the pulpit. A musician is one whose brain naturally secretes musical ideas; a poet thinks in blossoms just as naturally as honeysuckles do; an inventor's head is made to work out mechanical combinations. Men are like trees, each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him. Education is only like good culture—it changes the size, but not the sort. The men that ought to preach should be ordained in birth. The laying on of hands can't make an empty head full, nor a cold heart warm, nor a silent nature vocal. A minister is a genius in moral ideas, as a poet is in beautiful ideas, and an inventor in physical ideas."

"But are not all men born with moral natures, and may not cultivation develop them?"

"So, many trees have sweet sap besides the maple, but the maple only is so sweet as to be profitable for sugar. Corn-stalks have saccharine matter as well as sugar-cane. But we plant one for grain and the other for sugar, just because it is so easy for one to bear grain, and so hard for it to make sugar; and so easy for the other to yield sugar, and so impossible to give grain. Find out whether a man's head is fertile in moral ideas. It is not enough that he should know what is right when he sees it. He should see it before it exists. New good, new truth, better justice should suggest itself to him on every side. He is an inventor of better good than men now possess. *Your* head, Reuben, does not run clear; you think a matter is right if only it is beautiful, with a little touch of wildness in it. Besides, the office of a minister won't agree with your natural carriage. You would run when you were expected to walk. You have no respect for rules. You would scare everybody once a month with some naturalistic notions gathered in your rambling in the fields. Theology, like old Isaac, always puts its nose on its children to see if the smell of the fields is upon them. Isaac blessed Jacob because it was; theology blesses Jacob only when it is not! Natural religion is generally considered as poor stuff. Imported is thought more of than home-made—broadcloth proves better than linsey-woolsey. The church thinks that it will not do to make religion too easy; folks might take it up of themselves. You were not born for a pulpit. Few men are. Pulpits are queer places—candlesticks, whose candles won't burn—learned men, but can't speak, like deep wells and a pump that won't fetch water."



[DEACON MARBLE AND HIS AMIABLE SPOUSE.]

"Ah, uncle, you don't like ministers, I am afraid. All that I have ever known were capital fellows—manly and sincere. But, as you say, I don't think I am good enough, and so I promise you upon my honor, that I won't be a clergyman."

In early life Uncle Eb. had been deeply wounded in a love affair, and saw his treasure borne off by a young minister. He had never married, and he never quite forgave the profession. But, it is only just to say, that while he made cynical speeches about ministers in general, he had conceived the warmest attachment to many clergymen in particular.

"Perhaps you think I had better be a lawyer?"

"There's worse things than that. But you would never make your bread at that business. It's a hot and drastic profession. You will see men chiefly on the selfish side. You will be always making a porridge of somebody's dirt. Pretty good fellows, lawyers are; but I wonder at it."

"I declare, uncle, I believe you mean to make a schoolmaster of me."

"No, sir; a man should never be a schoolmaster. That's a woman's business. Be a professor or nothing! Even then it's a poor business. Who ever heard of a college professor that was not poor? They dry up in pocket like springs after the wood is cut off from the hills. They are apt to get very dry in other ways, too. A man that teaches cannot afford to know too much. A teacher is like a needle. He should be small and sharp. If large, he cannot run easily through the garments to be made. The College President ought to be a great man—a sort of specimen,—something for the boys to remember as a pattern of a man."

"Well, uncle, as I am not a born gentleman, and can't make a good minister, am too good to be a lawyer, and must not be a schoolmaster; [illegible] I am too fat to be a professor, and not grand enough for a president,—I am afraid I shall have to go to sea for a living; for I am not fit to work, and should sell myself out of house and home, if I was a merchant."

"There is just one thing left, and a business proper for you; you should be a doctor! You love nature. You love chemistry and botany. You are fond of all curious insearch and occult functions. A doctor, it is true, is everybody's servant. But you will be left to think and reason, without any master. And the riding, especially in the country, will suit your desultory nature."

"And, to sum it all up, uncle, you want me to be a doctor, because your father was one, and his father, and your brother, and for fear a link should be missing, you want me to study medicine. That you want it, is enough."

CHAPTER VI.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Young Wentworth, after graduating, took a regular course of medicine in Boston, with an average standing. By his uncle's liberality he spent a year in Vienna, and one in Paris. Longer he was to have remained. But his uncle's sickness brought him home, only in time to spend a few days with him before the eccentric but kind man died. His property was left to young Wentworth, and it proved greater than men had suspected. Some fortunate adventures, and sagacious investments, had put his affairs in such condition that his nephew found himself possessed of an income that removed one motive for exertion, and left him to pursue his profession from taste and kindness rather than from urgent necessity.

Refusing most flattering overtures for a city practice, Dr. Wentworth sought a sphere in Norwood, where he could be in daily and intimate converse with nature.

"She *is* my mother," he used to say, "and all her brood are my kin."

Dr. Wentworth would have succeeded in any liberal profession. But his nature was peculiarly adapted to the profession which he had chosen. Some men chill you; some cheer and inspire with mirth or humor; some stir in you vague suspicion, doubts, and distrust of men and life. But Dr. Wentworth's presence brought peace and trust. He radiated from his nature a perpetual June. Singularly fortunate in temper and disposition, as well as in judgment and philosophic sense, he was still more fortunate in the rare gift of bearing unconsciously about with him an atmosphere which inspired health in body and soul upon those susceptible to subtle influences.

This was a notable element in his medical practice. His skill consisted in persuading men to get well. Sickness is very largely the want of will. Everything is brain. There is thought and feeling not only, but will: and will includes in it far more than mental philosophers think. It acts universally, now as upon mind, and then just as much upon the body. It is another name for life-force. Men in whom this life or will-power is great, resist disease, and combat it when attacked. To array a man's mind and will against his sickness is the supreme art of medicine. Inspire in men courage and purpose, and the mind-power will cast out disease. He was himself the best medicine, and often cured by his presence those whom drugs would have scarcely helped. These cures through the spirit of the patient he regarded as far the most skilful and philosophical.

"Nothing ails her. It is only her imagination," said the nurse to him one day.

"*Only* the imagination? That is enough. Better suffer in bone and muscle than in the imagination. If the body is sick the mind can cure it; but if the mind itself is sick, what shall cure that?"

These elements of character, in time, would have procured for him constant employment, even had he been poor, and in need of immediate occupation. But as he had a competence, and abundant occupation in his grounds and books, and in pleasant society, to which his tastes strongly inclined him, he found his professional services from the first in great demand; and furnished another instance of the willingness of men to aid those not in need, while those who are likely to starve if not at once befriended, are put on a long probation.

For several years there was much pleasing and amiable speculation upon the social prospects of this promising physician—and surely the benevolence of his fellow-men is to be commended. Well married, a man is winged—ill-matched, he is shackled.

The good people of Norwood were enterprising, and very busy. They had little time, aside from their own affairs; and yet, so kind were they, that scores of them spent much time in thinking for Dr. Wentworth, and in cheerfully devising for him an eligible connection. It is to be hoped that they were abundantly gratified, when he found a wife, without their help. Certainly, there was no offence that alienated their sympathy; for, when Dr. Wentworth, returning from a fortnight's absence, appeared, on Sunday morning, in his pew, at church, that pew became the centre of the church, and outmastered the choir and the pulpit!

"Who is this woman that is better than all of us?" *looked* at least a score of girlish faces—and another score of graver mother faces. Five or six in different parts of the house, in the most grave and decorous manner, spoke or whispered each to some neighbor an edifying comment, as follows:

"How old should you take her to be?"

"At least twenty-five."

"Thirty! not a year less."

"I don't think she cares much about dress; do you? She's rather too plain, if anything."

"Perhaps she depends on her manner. Do you notice how she rises, and sits down?"

"She comes up about to the doctor's shoulders, don't she? That's so sweet, always. If ever I marry, I should want his name to be Augustus, and he should have blue eyes, and my head should come just up to his shoulders. I think that would be so dear."

"Can you see her hands? Has she many rings?"

"Do you know if the doctor got anything by her? Of course he don't need it. He's got property enough of his own. But then, I think it tends to peace in the family, if both bring a little property. Money is of no use without piety. But, when a man has grace in his heart, and money in his pocket, then he can have peace both with God and man."

"I believe she's proud. I've watched her ever since she's come in. And she hasn't looked around once. May be she thinks we aint worth looking at."

"Well, for my part, I don't think so. People don't come here to gape and stare, not if they're Christians. I b'lieve she's pious. We shall know next sacrament-time. If she comes to preparatory lecture and to sacrament, then you may know she's pious."

The sermon over, and the services ended, the minister, the deacons, and a few of the leading members, were introduced to the new-comer. They hoped for a better acquaintance. They should be happy to call. They hoped she was pleased with Norwood. How did she like the church? Had she recovered from the fatigue of her journey? Had she ever been in Norwood before? Deacon Trowbridge solemnly hoped she would be strengthened to meet her responsibilities. And only spry and dry Deacon Marble ventured on a compliment.

"Well, ma'am, Dr. Wentworth allers was fond of flowers, and I knew he'd pick a good one when he came to choose."

If the people whispered a few covert opinions in church, it was a mere first-fruits of that harvest which waved during the intermission. Except the minister, the doctor was, undoubtedly, the most important man in Norwood.

"Took us rather by surprise, Judge! Some folks thought the doctor needn't gone out of town for a wife."

"Perhaps it's of long standing. The doctor has a good deal of romance. But she is of excellent family. I know them very well. Came over in the Mayflower."

"Did she? Why, she don't look so old?

"Bless you, looks are deceiving," said Judge Bacon, his whole face looking amused at Mr. Truman's misconception.

Many there were that had a conscience about conversing on such themes upon Sunday. Mr. Edwards and his sister walked in a stately and quiet manner, without a word; and, as he carefully latched the gate, Dr. Wentworth and his wife were passing. Of course, he heartily shook hands, but not a word did he speak, nor his sister, after entering their tree-embosomed house. Sabbath reigned in their house and in their hearts.

The Miss Marshes, two sensible spinsters, found themselves among several neighbors, all in full criticism. Various were the reports and the hungry questions; but not a word could the plain old maids be got to say, good or ill.

"What *do* you think, Miss Anna?" said a neighbor to the eldest sister.

"I don't think anything about it."

"But you noticed her, didn't you?"

"No more than I did others. I hope to find her a pleasing person, when I shall know her. Did you not think the sermon unusually instructive to-day?"

"The sermon? Oh, yes; I'd most forgot about that. What *was* the text? La, me—I've forgot the text. My husband is sick, and I shall have to tell him about the sermon. What *was* it,—something about—minding our own business, or something—no doctrine—nothing but morality. Do tell me where the text was."

Hiram Beers, as usual, had gathered about him a knot of young men around the church door, and of those staying during the intermission, and quite a number of girls had been drawn to hear what Hiram would say—for Hiram's speeches belonged to the whole town.

"I think the doctor is a love of a man; and oh, I should like to know about his courtship."

Hiram overheard the whisper in which a Miss of fifteen had said this to her companion, and, assuming a confidant air, he says:

"Why, Matilda, I know all about it. I drove the doctor over, you know, and he told me all about it."

"He did? Oh, do tell us!"

"That I will—every word. You see the doctor meant to marry Miss Naxon, till he saw Miss Ferris; and he might have decided between *them*, but then Miss Greenleaf came to town, and then there was three of 'em! On lookin' into the matter the doctor found that he liked them just alike, to a grain, and as the law wouldn't let him marry all of 'em he couldn't take one without leaving two; and that, you see, would have been two griefs to one joy—not a fair bargain. So he was forced to go to Boston."

"Why what did he go to Boston for?"

"Well, that's a pretty question! That's the only place to go to! Why, if a man wants anything he allus goes to Boston. Everything goes there just as natural as if that city was the moon, and everything else was water, and had to go, like the tides. Don't you know all the railroads go to Boston? and sailors say—you ask Tommy Tafts—if you start anywhere clear down in Floridy and keep up along the coast, you will fetch up in Boston. They have to keep things tied up around there. They fasten their trees down, and have their fences hitched, or they would all of 'em whirl into Boston. They have watchers set every night, or so many things would come to admire Boston that the city would be covered down like Herculaneum. Of course the doctor went to Boston. Every single one of the first chop folks was married off the week afore he got there, but one; there was just one left. But she was the very best of the lot. The doctor saw her in Old South church. She was a singin', 'Come ye disconsolate.' The minute she set her eyes on the doctor——"

By this time the boys were snickering, and the girls giggling, and our honest-faced little questioner began to doubt Hiram's authenticity.

"Now, Hiram, I don't believe a word you say."

"Well, if you don't believe me, you just ask the doctor himself."

Not a smile was on his face. He looked at his listeners one by one with a quizzical solemnity, for a second, and then, as one who remembered pressing duties elsewhere, he walked away in exact imitation of the minister's gait.

Deacon Marble expressed to his wife Polly, his good impressions of the doctor's wife, as they rode home in their rattling one horse wagon.

"I should be glad to see the old mansion looking life-like again, as it did when Saltonstall was alive—fine old house. Mebbe too many trees round. The doctor sets a store on the trees, though. But the old place will spruce up, I guess, with a new wife."

"That's a pretty speech, Deacon Marble, as if the doctor hadn't lived there years, and had Agate Bissell for house-keeper, and a smarter and better you won't find if you sarch the whole State. Anybody that takes her place has got to stir round. I'm one that don't b'lieve there'll ever be any better house-keeper in that old mansion than Agate Bissell. There wasn't a chimney in town that smoked afore her's did in the morning, and there wasn't one house kept cleaner. After she'd scrubbed a floor you might eat your vittals off it, if it wasn't for the name of 't. I don't b'lieve my pans are any cleaner, nor the milk any whiter than her rooms. And then it wasn't any Pharisee-work. She aint one of those folks that makes the outside clean, and leaves the inside. It would do you good to look in her closets and cupboards, and drawers and boxes. It was as good as a picture. I don't b'lieve there was a spider in the house, from cellar to garret. She was allers cleanin' and lookin', and huntin' and rubbin'."

"Yes, Polly, I guess you're right. I've got a woman down to my house purtey much the same sort. I kinder pity the dirt—it has a hard time in our house!"

Even Polly was liable to temptation, and her face looked as it had forty years ago, when compliments had brought a smile to it. But she was so thin—all nerve, bone, and skin—that smiles slipped off easily, and left the same anxious and earnest face.

"There's no wastin' where Agate Bissell is. She can make a cent go as far as most folks' shillin.' She's had a hard time of it, too. The doctor's not particular, and he wouldn't let her put his study to-rights. You know it's a great room, running the whole depth of the house, and full of books and stuff, and pictures, and engravin's, and stacks of all sorts of things, and the table full of rubbish, and chairs full of portfolios, and he'd never let Agate Bissell touch 'em. It was awful.

"'Nobody can tell,' she says to me, 'how I long to get in there. The doctor 'll have much to answer for!'

"Yes, yes, Agate Bissell is distressin' neat. The mice have a hard time in her house—starved 'em out, I'm told—saved the cats board by it. She is dreadful particular!"

There was something in the deacon's tone which did not suit his wife, and she sharply edified him:

"I wish you was half as particular, Deacon Marble, with your tongue as Agate Bissell is with her hands. Then you wouldn't make such foolish speeches as you do. You must needs compliment her, right in church, and afore the minister!"

"I compliment her?"

"Oh, don't make strange of it. I heerd what you said about flowers. So did she. Such kind of talk aint thrown away. It sticks like burs, and makes folks think you like 'em more'n you do. Talking roses and poses to the girls is not becomin' in a deacon."

The deacon gave his horse a cut with his whip, and, being spirited, the animal suddenly sprang with a jerk that seemed likely to snap his wife's head off. If the mischievous man meant to put an end to the discourse, which was likely from this point to become personal, he succeeded.

How they ever made a deacon out of Jerry Marble I never could imagine! His was the kindest heart that ever bubbled and ran over. He was elastic, tough, incessantly active and a prodigious worker. He seemed never to tire, but after the longest day's toil, he sprang up the moment he had done with work, as if he were a fine steel spring. A few hours' sleep sufficed him, and he saw the morning stars the year round. His weazened face was leather color, but forever dimpling and changing to keep some sort of congruity between itself and his eyes, that winked and blinked, and spilt over with merry good nature. He always seemed afflicted when obliged to be sober. He had been known to laugh in meeting on several occasions, although he ran his face behind his handkerchief and coughed, as if *that* was the matter, yet nobody believed it. Once, in a hot summer day, he saw Deacon Trowbridge, a sober and fat man, of great sobriety, gradually ascending from the bodily state into that spiritual condition called sleep. He was blameless of the act. He had struggled against the temptation with the whole virtue of a deacon. He had eaten two or three heads of fennel in vain, and a piece of orange peel. He had stirred himself up, and fixed his eyes on the minister with intense firmness, only to have them grow gradually narrower and milder. If he held his head up firmly, it would with a sudden lapse fall away over backward. If he leaned it a little forward, it would drop suddenly into his bosom. At each nod, recovering himself, he would nod again, with his eyes wide open, to impress upon the boys that he did it on purpose both times.

In what other painful event of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting time? Against the insidious seduction he arrays every conceivable resistance. He stands up awhile; he pinches himself, or pricks himself with pins. He looks up helplessly to the pulpit as if some succor might possibly come thence. He crosses his legs uncomfortably, and attempts to recite catechism, or the multiplication table. He seizes a languid fan, which treacherously leaves him in a calm. He tries to reason, to notice the phenomena. Oh, that one could carry his pew to bed with him! What tossing wakefulness there! what fiery chase after somnolency! In his lawful bed a man cannot sleep, and in his pew he cannot keep awake! Happy man who does not sleep in church! Deacon Trowbridge was not that man. Deacon Marble was!

Deacon Marble witnessed the conflict we have sketched above, and when good Mr. Trowbridge gave his next lurch, recovered himself with a snort, and then drew out a red handkerchief and blew his nose with a loud imitation, as if to let the boys know that he had not been asleep, poor Deacon Marble was brought to a sore strait. But, I have reason to think that he would have weathered the stress if it had not been for a sweet-faced little boy in the front of the gallery. The lad had been innocently watching the same scene, and at its climax laughed out loud, with a frank and musical explosion, and then suddenly disappeared backward into his mother's lap. That laugh was just too much, and Deacon Marble could no more help laughing than could Deacon Trowbridge help sleeping. Nor could he conceal it. Though he coughed, and put up his handkerchief and hemmed—it *was* a laugh—deacon!—and every boy in the house knew it, and liked you better for it—so inexperienced were they!

Polly, his wife, was all that the deacon was not. No one had ever known her to laugh. Her utmost indulgence amounted only to a pale and vanishing smile, which looked more like a shadow crossing the face than sunlight upon it. Of a nervous, bilious temperament, she was thin, acute, intense and earnest to the last atom of her existence. There was no gradation or perspective in her conscience. The least wrong was a full-sized sin; and the smallest sin was worse than we can measure. Great sins were a terror for the future life, not for this. Of many edifying instructions which at different times he received, we will select but one, which occurred some years before Wentworth's marriage, but might, from its tenor, just as well be inserted in connection with that event, or at any other period during a score of years, for that matter.

"Deacon Marble, I wonder what you think will become of you! Such levity in the house of God is awful. I shouldn't wonder a minute if you was to be struck dead. You know that the man was destroyed for pickin' up chips and sticks on Sunday, and laughing is a good deal worse, especially in the house of God. I always said that I couldn't imagine why they ever made you deacon—a man whose eyes and face are always agoin' as if they were makin' fun of the sacred office."

The image raised by these last words seemed to touch the deacon's sense of the ludicrous, and he fell under the temptation again—though riding home, on Sunday, in full sight of his neighbors.

"I declare, Deacon Marble, you will bring reproach on religion." And looking at him through her spectacles, whose glasses were about four times the size of the eyes that snapped behind them, she continued—"I think deacon-timber was scarce when they picked you out."

"Mercy on us, Polly, I didn't make myself a deacon, and I didn't make myself, anyhow. I 'spose I perform pretty much as I was built. But, I never saw any harm in laughing. If it's a sin, I can't see what the Lord lets so many funny things happen for. I don't go and make things funny! They come to me. The whole world is full of queer things, and it aint my fault if I see them."

"That's your vain way. It don't seem to me that you can have any conscience about laughing at improper times and things. I once heard you snicker at a funeral. Besides, it leads to deceit. You know you hadn't any nose-bleed when you went out of church last summer, holding your handkerchief all over your face. I saw what 'twas. You was looking at that naughty, wicked boy puttin' a piece of grass in that man's ear, and he givin' himself a box on the ear—which he ought to have laid on the boy's ear."

Poor Marble went off into another burst, at the remembrance. "Why, Polly, he thought it was a fly, and he raised his big hand, so sly and cunning, to give the fly a wipe, and hit his own ear,"—at which point he went off again into a chuckle, producing a churning motion all over his body.

Now, there was not another deacon in town that did so many good turns to those in trouble; and though his infirmity was known, sick people liked to have the little, spry old deacon Marble come to pray at their bedsides. And when Widow Nance's cow died in calf, it was from Marble's yard, the very next night, that a cow was driven, and put in her yard. All the poor old shacks about town found a friend in Deacon Marble. This, too, was a source of much trouble to his guardian angel at home.

"I do believe you would rather spend your time with those shiftless reprobates than with the Lord's own saints."

"There's sartainly a pick among saints, Polly; but those poor creeturs don't mean any harm half the time; and nobody seems to pity them, and everybody's always pickin' at 'em, and findin' fault with 'em. Somebody ought to have a kind side to 'em."

"They should behave better, then. There's no excuse for wickedness. '*First* pure, then peaceable,' deacon. That settles it. I wish you was like Deacon Trowbridge. Did you ever see Pete, and Hiram Beers, and Ephe Barnes, hanging round him? Do you believe he'd spend his money in givin' gingerbread and fire-crackers to all the tatterdemallian boys, on trainin' days?"

Deacon Marble admitted facts. The very idea of such conduct seemed to raise a picture before him unsuited to sobriety.

"What *are* you laughing at now? You are as full of levity as flies are. Would you laugh if you was dying? I really believe you would! To think of it! A deacon, at your time of life, chirpin' as if you was a cricket—and goin' round, as if you was nothin' better'n a bird, singing and hoppin', instead of being a deacon, with an immortal soul in him! Sometimes I am afeerd you are in the gall of bitterness yet. You ought to examine your evidences, deacon. Laughing is not one of the signs of grace, I'm sure. It's awful to be deceived; and you've a good many reasons to fear that you are deceivin' yourself."

Don't confound Mrs. Polly Marble with a mere scold. She was a woman of the utmost worth. She was full as severe upon her own doings as upon those of her other self, the deacon. She, too, was an excessive worker. Her vitality, if it were possible, was greater than her husband's. When she had risen at four o'clock, and, except at meals and prayers, had been on her feet every moment till night, up stairs and down, in the dairy, in the cellar, in the barn, in the wood-house, in chamber and kitchen, performing the multifarious duties of a farmer's wife with the most anxious and conscientious fidelity, she seemed not to have lost a particle of energy, but was still fresh, vital, and intense.

Nor was Mrs. Polly Marble a mere drudge. She was inquisitive of everything that went on in the world. She read the Missionary Herald every month, and the Boston Recorder every week, without the omission of a line. She remembered whatever passed in church. She rode every week into town for an afternoon female prayer-meeting, and stayed to the night lecture, and yet no one could say that aught was neglected, on these days, at home.

Her domestic lectures must not, therefore, be confounded with those which spring from irritableness, but must rank with the conscientious labors of anxious natures, who feel conscientiously called to make the world better, and who use their tongue as the most convenient instrument at hand.

But—this will never do! We have quite forgotten Dr. Wentworth and his happy household. But so really happy were they all in that old mansion, that they never seemed more mellow, genial and hospitable, than since this little child came, that they would not have known it if the whole world had neglected them!

Two years had passed busily and happily away, when the event occurred of which we have spoken, in the fifth chapter, and a girl was given to the household. The mother would call it Rose—for that was a favorite sister's name. The father called it Rose, for that united her to the flowers he so much loved. Others called her Rose, because it was so sweet a name for a girl; and therefore she was named Rose Wentworth!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

THE BACHELOR'S ESCAPE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

If ever there was a fore-ordained old bachelor that man was Major Teller. Some men are born to old bachelorhood—others have old bachelorhood thrust upon them; and to the former class belonged our Major. You could have picked him out in a multitude; if he had been labeled, like an antediluvian fossil, or a dried specimen of entomology, there couldn't have been more certainty in the matter.

He was a dapper, thin little man, something under five feet in height, with a glossy black wig, closely trimmed side whiskers, and costume so daintily neat that he reminded you of a shining black cat! He took a Turkish bath in the morning, and a Russian bath in the evening; he came home to dinner at twelve precisely, and went to bed at eleven at night, with his boots standing at the foot of his bed and his stockings at the head, and his wig elevated on the gas-fixture, and every chair in the room standing at right angles with the wall!

It was high noon on a sparkling, windy March day when Major Teller came home to the antique, down-town boarding house where he had vegetated for the last twenty years, and went to his own room to brush his wig for the mid-day meal. Opening the door, he stumbled over an obstacle in the way:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the Major, turning very red, and recovering his footing with difficulty.

It was Miss Patience Pettigrew, on her hands and knees, cleaning off the oil-cloth at the door!

Now the Major was afraid of Miss Patience—afraid of her as the plump lamb fears the gaunt wolf, or the unoffending robin the dire serpent. Miss Patience was tall and lean and sallow, but she curled her hair, and wore an artificial rose over her left ear, and sang little whistling tunes to a little spindle-legged piano, and firmly believed that if she only waited a little longer she should get married to somebody! And because the Major sat opposite her at the table—Miss Patience helped her widowed sister "keep house," and served out the gravy and sauces—and regarded her artificial rose and bear's-greasy curls with a sort of fearful fascination, Miss Patience somehow opined that she should one day, Cupid willing, become Mrs. Major Teller!

"It's of no consequence, Major," said Miss Patience, recovering her piece of soap, which had skirmished out to the middle of the carpet. "I hope your fire isn't out!"

"Thank you, ma'am; it is very good."

"I do wonder, Major," said Miss Patience, with a premonitory giggle, "why you never got married?"

The Major retired precipitately behind the coal-scuttle, and made no reply.

"You'd be so much more comfortable, you know," added Miss Patience, wringing out her woollen cloth, and looking so lovingly on the Major that he retreated still further into his wardrobe, where among the swinging effigies of coats and trowsers, he felt comparatively safe.

Miss Patience hesitated a moment, and in that moment the Major felt all the anticipatory agonies of being pursued, captured, brought forth, and possibly married before he could get breath to remonstrate! But she finally took up her pail and vanished.

"Dear me, that was a very narrow escape," thought our hero, emerging from his sanctuary. "Some day she'll be too much for me. Perhaps I'd better change my boarding place. Yes—that will be the only safety. I suppose I couldn't very well have her sworn over to keep the peace, and, really, there's no saying what a determined woman of fifty might *not* do. I'll look out for a new place to-morrow."

"Dear me, Major, you have no appetite," said Miss Patience, sweetly, at the dinner table.

"No, ma'am," said the Major.

"Try to eat a little—just to please *me*, Major?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am?"

"Don't you know, Major, people will say you are *in love*, if you don't eat more?" smiled the antiquated spinster.

This was more than our hero could endure; he rose up and left Miss Pettigrew triumphant victor of the wordy field.

"I won't go back to that house if I can help it," thought Major Teller, brushing the cold dew away from his forehead with a crimson silk pocket handkerchief. "Her intentions are serious; I know they are."

And the Major in his innermost mind reviewed the catechism and hymns he had learned as a child, trying to think if there was not some invocation particularly suited to an elderly gentleman in great peril and perplexity. But he couldn't remember anything appropriate to his particular case.

"It's twenty years since I've been in the inside of a church," thought the penitent old offender. "I wish I had gone a little more regularly. I wonder if it's too late in life to reform!"

For the Major, poor old gentleman, had a vague idea that "religion" would be a sort of safeguard against the wiles of his fair enemy. Deliverance from Miss Patience Pettigrew must be obtained on *some* terms or other.

As Major Teller was frantically revolving these things in his mind, he came to a sudden and involuntary standstill. There was a crowd gathered in the street—a fallen omnibus horse, or an arrested pickpocket, or some other nucleus, round which gathers the rapidly increasing swarm of metropolitan loafers. Now of all things Major Teller most dreaded a crowd, and he looked round nervously for some means of escape.

An old-fashioned church, with open doors and some sort of service going on inside, caught the Major's eye. He made an instantaneous dart for its huge Gothic portals, shielded by inner doors of green baize.

"It's a good chance to think up something solemn and appropriate, and that sort of thing, until the crowd gets by," he thought, settling himself in the corner of one of the softly-cushioned pews to listen to the mild, droning voice of the old clergyman.

The church was very warm, and the light, softened by purple and golden and crimson glass, was dim, and the clergyman's voice rather monotonous, and Major Teller was unconsciously becoming rather drowsy, when a plump old lady came in, and the sexton beckoned him from his seat.

But the sermon was over and people were streaming down the aisle, and the Major felt that he didn't care to prolong the thing and that he had done a very laudable act in coming to church, and——

Even while these ideas were passing indistinctly through his brain, he was borne towards the altar in an upward eddy of the crowd, and felt a gaunt arm thrust through his.

"Protect me, Major! oh, save me!" whispered Miss Patience Pettigrew. "I'm so 'feared in a crowd always!"

The Major strove to withdraw his arm, but Miss Pettigrew would not let him. They were standing directly in front of the altar arm-in-arm. The minister, old and near-sighted, and a little deaf, advanced—probably concluding that his services were required.

Major Teller's blood ran cold; he tried to protest, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. Miss Pettigrew had captured him as a lamb for the slaughter, and where was the use of further struggle? A few words—an appallingly brief ceremony—and Major Teller was married to Miss Patience!

"Take the market-basket, my dear," said the gaunt bride, "and stay—you'd better carry the umbrella, too! We'll go right home. Old folks like you and me don't care for wedding tours, do we?"

The Major looked piteously at his better half, and made no answer. She, however, waited for none, but drew him along with a quiet determination that argued ill for the future.

"Give me the key to the room, my dear," said Mrs. Pettigrew Teller. "*I'd* better keep it in future."

The Major handed over the key without a word of remonstrance, and his elderly wife opened the door.

"We'll slick up things a little," said Mrs. Teller, bundling the Major's beloved papers together, and pitching his box of cigars out of the window.

"But, Miss Patience!——"

"*What?*"

"My dear wife, I mean!"

"Ah, yes. What were you about to remark?"

"My cigars—I——"

"Oh, well, I don't like smoke—never did!"

"But what are you doing with my slippers?"

"Trying 'em on—they fit me nicely. Guess I'll keep 'em, Sempronius! I wish you'd take all these coats and things out of the wardrobe—I want it for my dresses."

"But where shall I keep them, Miss Pa—?"

"*What* did you say?"

"Mrs. Teller, I *would* remark."

"Oh, under the bed, or somewhere! Pink soap, eh?—I prefer Castile. Cologne—*eau de Florida*—cold cream! Who'd ha' supposed you were such a dandy, Sempronius? You must have plenty of money. By the way, suppose you give *me* the money to keep now, my dear! I'll manage it a great deal more economically than you'll be likely to."

"But——"

"Give me the money, I say!"

Major Teller meekly put his hand into his pocket, and submissively handed over the purse.

"Well, now, you'd better go about your business," said the gentle bride, "and not come home until tea-time—I do abominate men lounging around in the way forever; and don't come back smelling of tobacco if you know what is good for yourself, Sempronius Teller!"

The Major crept silently away, thinking how, the last time he crossed that threshold, he was a free man, and now:

"I'm married!" mused Major Teller. "I couldn't help it; it wasn't my fault, but here I am, no money, no cigars, no freedom—worse than any galley slave. Sixty years old next month, and——married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He walked disconsolately down the street, both hands in his empty pockets, and his hat tipped recklessly down over his eyes. A greater contrast could hardly have been imagined than existed between this slovenly, seedy, wretched looking man and the trim, cheerful little Major Teller of six hours ago? He caught a fleeting glimpse of himself in a mirror belonging to some picture-frame store, as he sauntered by—it startled even himself.

"I wouldn't have known myself," he muttered, gloomily. "Well—I'm married now—married to Patience Pettigrew!"

He stopped at the street corner, uncertain which way to go. But as he gazed, the bright, steely glimmer of the river caught his eye.

"All right," muttered Sempronius, moodily. "I'll go and drown myself; it's a short way out of a long lane of difficulty. Anything but going back to—Patience Pettigrew!"

He went down with long, determined strides towards the shining, broad stream, where the ships lay peacefully at anchor, and the little boats shot hither and thither, and the waves sparkled up like sheets of diamonds. All these things Major Teller saw, without marking them, as he made resolutely for the pier.

"Want a boat, sir?" demanded a sturdy man.

"Yes," said the Major, "I want Charon's boat, to row me over Styx!"

"Don't know him, sir," said the puzzled boatman, "but mine's sound and light, and——"

The Major waited to hear no more, but gave a blind, downward jump!

Down, down with that peculiar sensation of falling so familiar to us all—down—down—until——

"Beg pardon, sir, but the church is goin' to be shut up, and everybody's gone. Hope you've had a good nap, sir!"

The sexton spoke satirically, but in his tones Major Teller recognized hope and freedom. He started wildly to his feet.

"Then I'm not married after all, sexton?"

"Married, sir! Not unless you've been married in your dreams!"

"That's it, exactly!" ejaculated the Major, jumping up, "I've been asleep and dreaming!"

Major Teller satisfied the sexton with a donation whose liberality astonished even that personage, and went at once to the —— Hotel to engage rooms.

"I'll send for my things," he thought, "I won't go back to that house, lest Miss Patience Pettigrew *should* do something desperate. I'm *not* married, and I don't mean to be married!"

The Major was right. Discretion is the better part of valor—and Miss Patience Pettigrew remains Miss Patience Pettigrew still! But Major Teller goes to church very regularly now!

* * *

A Sister's Influence.

"That man has grown among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tenderer feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

* * *

The Future.

Who rests content with the present? None. We have all, deep within us a craving for the future. In childhood we anticipate youth; in youth manhood; in manhood old age; and to what does that turn but to a world beyond our own? From the very first, the strong belief is nursed within us; we look forward and forward, till that which was desire grows faith. The to come is the universal heritage of mankind; and he claims but a small part of his portion who looks not beyond the grave.

"UNDER THE BOUGHS OF THE BUDDING TREES."

BY ANNIE HAYES.

I.

Under the boughs of the budding trees,
When wild-flower odors rose sweet on the breeze,
My dead love whispered his vows to me;
My life was attuned to each beautiful thing,
My love was budding just like the Spring,
And I heard the waves of the Summer sea.

Nobler, grander he looked, as he stood,
Than the loftiest monarch of that old wood;
And tenderer still than the woodland vine
I wreathed his form as he breathed to me
His love, as a Dryad might breathe from a tree,
While his strong, brown hand just trembled in mine.

The rivulet murmured the meadow along,
And kissed the sea with a mystic song;
But our lives flowed on with a happier wave.
Blithe as the birds in the branches above,
He spoke of the budding of earthly love,
That blooms in fulness beyond the grave!

II.

Under the boughs of the budding trees,
I move alone in the flower-fed breeze,
But the dream of his love still murmurs to me;
And Time, in that dream, ever stays his wing;
And my love is renewed with the budding of Spring;
And I hear the waves of the Summer sea.

Nobler, grander he seems than when
He stood, the king of this forested glen,
And tenderer, stronger than wildwood vine,
I cling to his image, and feel from above
The breath of his heavenly, infinite love,
And the thrill of his radiant hand in mine.

For, though songless my life, like the rivulet, slept
The long winter through, it still noiselessly crept
To the glad sunny sea with a soft-flowing wave;
And earthly love is a perpetual Spring,
That ever grows on to the blossoming
Of the Summer-fulness beyond the grave!

A WOMAN SCORNED.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Oh, dear me! How very shocking!" exclaimed Getty Raynor. "I never thought it would have come to this!"

"I did; they should have put her in a madhouse a year ago!" said Mableton Frankfort, sternly.

"O, Mab! You are so severe!" said Getty, gently.

Miss Frankfort made no reply.

"Poor Linda Wharton!" said a third speaker, in a tone of tender pity; "how beautiful she was!"

It was then that I started violently, and let fall a pretty little statuette I had been admiring, unconscious that it was shivered to pieces at my feet.

"O, Mr. Loring!" exclaimed the three girls, in three different tones, expressive of their degrees of anger at my stupidity.

"I am the most awkward man in the world," I said, "only pray forgive me, Miss Getty; I know where to find the very copy of the statuette, and you shall have it within the hour."

"Mr. Loring—not for the world!" she exclaimed.

"You must not refuse me;" and hastily bowing to the three girls, I caught up my hat and rushed into the street. I was thankful to get into the air, for I felt choking, and could hardly support my own weight for some moments, as I tottered feebly along the street, unconsciously taking the way toward the store where I knew I should find the statuette I had promised to Getty Raynor.

The above scraps of conversation had taken place in the pretty little drawing-room of Miss Raynor, where I had called to inquire for her health after the fatigue of a ball at my sister's on the previous night. The three young girls had been engaged in discussing a very horrible event, and I had partly closed my ears to their chatter, while I handled and admired the various pretty little articles on the mantels and tables; but occasionally I heard a remark, till at last I was stunned and horrified to learn that the subject of all their conversation was the woman I had hopelessly adored. Linda Wharton was my first and only love; and I knew and understood her painful story as none other could, and I trembled and was aghast at its woeful conclusion as none other could be, for who had loved her with such a love as mine, which, alas, she could not return, except with a warm, sisterly affection.

One night I met Linda at a small, informal party, given at the house of a mutual friend; I knew that she was there, and went solely for the pleasure of seeing her and exchanging a few words with her. I had cause to wish that I had not seen Linda that night, and I felt for the first time the burning and corroding poison of jealousy. An old friend of my own, lately returned from a several years' residence abroad, was present; and the most indifferent spectator could not but notice that Edmund Farley had produced a strong impression on Linda's sensitive imagination. I felt with cruel certainty that she would love him,—nay, that she did already love him with all her heart's first pure passion. Others laughingly shrugged their shoulders, and looking at the two, declared it to be "quite a flirtation." I did not dare to hope that it was only a flirtation; my heart told me truly to prepare for the worst. Farley was not only a very handsome man, but he was an absolute master of the thousand fascinations that ensnare the fancy, and win the hearts of women. His manner, his attention, the softest glance of his eye and expression of his face could not fail to flatter and please any young girl. It would be absurd to say that she neglected me, because her treatment of me has never been such as to justify that expression; but it seemed to my jealous heart that she just simply ignored my existence. I uttered no complaint against her, not even in thought; but I felt that I hated him with a bitter hate that would endure forever. Revenge had nothing at all to do with the feeling; his existence was gall and wormwood to my very soul, and I wished that oceans might divide us forever. That night she allowed me the old-time privilege of putting on her cloak and conducting her to the carriage; but it was for the last time. On all future occasions when I met her at any ball or other merry-making, I had the satisfaction of beholding Farley place the ermine cloak about her fair shoulders, or draw the dainty little hoop of lace and swansdown over her lovely little heart. Her hand was ever placed on his arm, and his arm ever led her to the waiting carriage. Affairs progressed in this way for many weeks, and although she had not confided even to me the secret of her betrothal, the world spoke of the engagement of Miss Wharton and Mr. Farley as a settled matter. It would, therefore, be in vain to attempt to describe the utter consternation both of myself and this self-same world, when we read about three months after the first acquaintance of Linda with Farley, the following advertisement in the Daily *Times:*

> Farley—Moreland.—Married, at ten o'clock yesterday morning, at the residence of the bride, Mariana, only daughter of the well-known banker, Josiah Moreland, Esq., to Edmund Farley, Esq.;—all of this city.

I thought either that I was dreaming, or had gone mad. I read the paragraph again and again before I could thoroughly realize it; and even then I could not believe in its truth. There must be some mistake. However, I went out, and after several inquiries, I found that it was strictly true—no possibility of mistake. Then I turned my steps toward the abode of my poor little Linda. What had happened? I asked myself a thousand times on my way thither. It was impossible that they could have quarrelled, because I had seen them together only two evenings before, and to all appearances they were on the most lover-like terms. The more I thought on the subject the more hopelessly bewildered I became. When at last I stood on the front doorstep with the bell-pull in my hand, I had very grave doubts whether I should ring it or not; but I thought of Linda,—of how heart-broken she must be, and I pulled the bell violently.

"Miss Wharton has not seen any one, since yesterday morning," the girl said, "and she had orders to deny her to all visitors."

"I think she will see me, Nelly," I said; and as the girl knew and favored my attachment to her young mistress, she undertook to procure me an interview. Linda came into the room almost immediately; she looked like the very ghost of her former self, and as she approached me with two trembling little hands outstretched, she almost fainted in my arms. I carried her to the sofa, and piled up its downy cushions about her, for she had not strength to sit up.

"O, Charlie!" she gasped, between choking sobs, "it has killed me—it has killed me! What does it all mean?"

"Mean?—falsehood and treachery! What else should it mean!" she said bitterly; and unable to restrain her tears, she wept passionately.

"Tell me everything, Linda," I continued. "Were not you engaged to this man?"

"We were not formally engaged—that is, he never said to me in these words, 'Be my wife, Linda Wharton; and name the day when you will marry me.' But he has told me a thousand times that he loved me—that he never had, and never could love any other but me; and he knew, oh, so well! that I adored him—that I worshipped him! By every law of honor, he was bound to me forever!"

"Was there any quarrel between you, Linda?"

"No—nothing of the kind. On the evening when you saw us last together, he accompanied me home, and his last words to me were, 'Good-bye, my only love!'"

"What a precious villain he must be!" I exclaimed, indignantly, thunderstruck by such brazen, impudent hypocrisy.

"O, no, Charlie," she said, with a shudder, "You must not speak hardly of him. I cannot bear it yet."

"Harshly—my poor, dear child! There are no words to speak of him as he deserves. O, that I had the judging and punishing of him in my hands!"

"Hush! hush!" she said plaintively; and seeing that I only pained her, I said no more, although I could hardly subdue my feelings of contempt and rage sufficiently to keep silence.

She became very quiet, then; only a low sob or moan occasionally broke from her pallid lips; and finding that I was utterly powerless to aid or comfort her, I took my leave.

"Thank you, dear Charlie," she said, resting her tremulous hand in mine. "It was kind of you to come, and it has done me good. I know how weak it is in me to have given way in this manner; but I will overcome it in time; my rival shall not triumph in my broken-hearted misery; and I will not wear the willow even for Edmund Farley."

This last she said with a wan and ghastly smile; but I tried to encourage the good intention as much as possible. I nodded gaily, raised her hand to my lips, and then went away. I visited Linda every day, and sometimes I remained hours with her. I did and said everything I could think of to rouse and stimulate her pride. She was not of the haughty or high-spirited order of women, [illegible] deeply sensitive, and it wounded her keenly to think of the remarks which might be made concerning her useless love for the false and treacherous man who had evidently amused himself by playing with the heart of a young and credulous girl. Of course outsiders could not know the true state of affairs; it was so generally believed that Linda had been engaged to Farley that people were forced to conjecture that the engagement had been broken for some unknown reason. Linda forced herself to go into society again. The pale waxen cheeks were sometimes tinted with delicate pink rouge, and a painful excitement imparted a fitful, unnatural brightness to the large soft eyes. She bore herself well and proudly; but the severest test she was to go through had not yet been passed. She had never met Edmund Farley since his marriage. I was most anxious for her sake, and for my own as well, to have it over; because I was so deeply interested that this first meeting should be well over. But neither of us knew or could guess when it might take place.

One night a favorite tragedian was advertised to give a performance of *Hamlet*; and Linda requested me to take her to see him; and that night I sat beside her in the orchestra stalls at the ——— theatre. To my consternation and horror, before the close of the first act I found that we occupied the chairs directly next to Farley and his bride, who, in order to advertise her newly wedded dignity, was dressed almost entirely in white. I sat between Linda and Farley, and refusing to recognize him, I placed myself in such a manner as to conceal his presence from Linda. I think I would have been successful, but that he had determined to see her and have her see him. Linda, too, was restless and fidgety, and did not seem by any means so pre-occupied in the performance as she had promised to be; all went well, however, until toward the close of the third act, when I noticed Linda start violently, lean forward and fix her eyes on Mrs. Farley; she looked right straight past him without seeing him. She appeared to be intent upon taking an inventory of the bride's personal appearance; and as the object of her attention was a bold, not handsome, overdressed vulgar woman, in a perfect blaze of diamonds and other jewels, I saw her delicate lip curl with contempt and scorn, for she read the sole cause of his falsehood in that one glance. Miss Mariana Moreland had been the wealthiest heiress in New York city. I gave a start, as though I had received a wild electric shock, when Linda, withdrawing her gaze from Mrs. Farley, fixed it upon her husband. A cold chill of apprehension told me that something terrible was about to take place. I placed my hand warningly on Linda's arm, but she never heeded me. I turned my attention to Farley. He met her glance with a low, mocking bow, a slight smile played about his handsome mouth,—it seemed to speak of scorn, pity, contempt, anything—everything! Linda uttered a broken exclamation of rage; she started to her feet, and I strove in vain to calm her violent agitation; but before I could form the wildest suspicion of her intention she stooped slightly, leaned across me, and struck Farley with her ungloved, open hand across the face!

It was at the very moment when Hamlet cries:

> "Why let the stricken deer go weep,
> The hart ungallèd play;
> For some must watch, while others sleep;
> Thus runs the world away."

All the world knows that it is a favorite speech, and one which the audience is most intent on hearing to the utmost advantage; accordingly the whole gallery set up a shower of hisses in return for the confusion caused by Linda's mad, intemperate act. I hurried her from the theatre; Farley rose, bowing profoundly, to allow us to pass. I actually believe he enjoyed the abominable publicity of the whole transaction. A policeman stopped us at the door, and insisted on an explanation of the disturbance before he would allow us to pass; but what I said to him I never could remember. It proved sufficient, however, and I carried Linda, who was now almost in a fainting condition, to the carriage.

"O, God!" she exclaimed, for the first time breaking the dreadful silence, "let me never again behold the light of day! I have published my disgrace and humiliation to the world,—let me die! let me die!"

I essayed everything that was possible to console and cheer her; but she never answered a word. In silence I carried her into the house, and I would give no explanation of her trouble, but in the morning it was public enough.

Every newspaper in the city related the circumstance in detail. It was many weeks before I again saw Linda. The publicity of the unfortunate passion and the length to which it had led her, was rapidly killing her. She seldom spoke to me on the few occasions when she permitted me to see her; and I perceived that both her physical and mental health was being rapidly undermined. Her father took her abroad, but brought her back at the end of six months, and then I learned from the broken-hearted old man that she was hopelessly insane, and had repeatedly attempted to destroy herself. It became necessary to keep a constant watch upon her; but, as I had learned from the conversation among the ladies in Getty Raynor's drawing room, she had at last eluded the vigilance of her keeper, and had succeeded in committing suicide.

It was a melancholy and, to me, a terrible conclusion to her sad story. I had never ceased to love her; and I know full well that I will never love but her. Even her dear memory is more to me than all the rest of the women on earth could ever be.

I proceeded very sadly toward the down-town store I have referred to; and after purchasing the statuette and leaving orders that it should be at once delivered to Miss Raynor, I went straight to a florist's and bought all the violets and white camelias in the place. With my own hands I strewed them on my dead love, and placed them between her pale, waxen fingers. She was beautiful even in death; and I thought with tears of sad regret, as I kissed her fair, cold forehead—which I had never kissed in life—of the cruel, inexplicable fate which had ordained that she should die for the sake of a heartless fiend who had despised her love and scorned the offering of it, while I, her true, honest, admiring lover, wept alone the wreck of her youth and loveliness.

THE WAYSIDE TAVERN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

No matter what it was that called me suddenly to make a long journey westward of the Alleghanies. Enough for my reader that I found such a journey necessary, and set out upon it with that desire to accomplish it in an economical manner, which can only arise from the consciousness of a slender purse.

I was a young man, not more than one-and-twenty, and had, until that time, known little of any life beyond that of the little village where I was born and bred—save and except that which could be gathered from books. Perhaps this gave me rather a romantic idea of human nature generally, and a trust and confidence in strangers which, in some cases, I found reason to regret; but, nevertheless, I kept upon my way, meeting with no mishaps, until I found myself, at the end of an August day, travelling, on foot, along a dusty road, anxiously looking out for some place where I might spend the night.

I was weary and more than ready for my supper, and it was with joy that I perceived the swinging sign of a shabby tavern and found on inquiry that entertainment was there provided for man and beast.

I had nothing with me, in the way of luggage, but my knapsack, and consequently my cares were for myself alone. I ordered a hasty meal, tossed my stick and knapsack into the corner of the room, and brushing the dust from my clothes, looked around me for the first time.

I saw little that was pleasing in that survey. It was a large, empty room, with a rough bar in the corner, a few shelves adorned with bottles and lemons; a chair or two; three little tables, on one of which was a pack of cards, and no other furniture whatever.

The landlord was an elderly man, with a face which bore tokens of having been shaved some weeks before, and had a surly look which was by no means attractive; and his wife, at the moment cooking my dinner, had, as I thought, a strange expression upon her countenance—a worn, terrified look, as though she were constantly afraid of something.

"It is the sort of place to make any one dream of those inns where they murder travellers for the sake of their possessions," I thought to myself, and a dread crept over me which, although I knew it to be absurd, I found it impossible to shake off. Even the every-day act of eating did not banish the gloom which had stolen over me; and, having finished my meal, I stepped out upon the long, low porch and sat down there, hoping that the fresh air and the glowing sunset might, in a measure, dissipate my singular emotions.

But I found them, on the contrary, increase in an unaccountable degree—the more so when the lean, wretched-looking woman of the house, came out and took her place at my side, as though she had something to say to me.

Twice she seemed about to speak, but closed her lips again as the man sauntered toward the door; and, at last, I broke the silence with the common-place remark that it was a fine evening.

"Think so, stranger," was all the answer I received.

But, after a while, she drew nearer to me and said, in a low whisper:

"You don't know nothin' about these parts, do you?"

"No," I said. "This is my first visit to the West."

She gave a kind of sigh.

"You get out of 'em as quick as you can then," she said. "I've seen a-many come here, young and rosy as you, and go—Lord, thar's my old man! I daresn't say no more—only don't stay here longer'n you can help!"

And she glided away from me in a terrified manner, leaving me in an exceedingly uncomfortable state of mind. My adventure was growing more and more like the old traveller's story of the inn where strangers are murdered by an inhuman landlord almost always. I remembered the miserable-looking woman of the house tried to give a warning to the victim. For a moment I cast my eye over the homeless landscape with a vague intention of travelling on that night; but I was very weary and certainly my possessions could be no temptation to crime. Besides, this must be all an absurd fancy, born of my remembrance of wild tales read in boyhood, and these could be only poor, honest people, who were more likely to do a kindness to a stranger than to injure him.

Accordingly, finding myself weary, I walked in and requested to be shown to my room. The landlord nodded, and turned to light a candle, and in that moment the woman found time to whisper in my ear:

"Don't leave your window open!"

It was a strange warning for an August night. It made my blood run cold for a moment. Yet I consoled myself by the thought that, in all probability, the poor creature's mind was impaired, and that such a fact would account for her singular conduct.

But while I was awaiting the movements of my host, the door opened, and two stalwart, ill-favored fellows marched in. They nodded to the landlord and, walking up to the bar, called for drink.

In all my life, I thought I had never seen such unprepossessing countenances; and they looked at me, I fancied, in a peculiar way as though they were examining my garments minutely—to see whether they were worth any risk in obtaining them, I thought, with an unpleasant shiver, for these fancies would obtrude themselves, do what I would.

I picked up my knapsack and followed my landlord in a moment more, and soon found myself in a large uncarpeted room, with an immense feather bed perched upon a tall, old fashioned bedstead; a ricketty table with a cracked ewer and basin upon it, and one chair completing the furniture.

The window—I looked at that the moment I was left alone—opened on a long low shed, up which any one could easily climb who desired to obtain entrance, and stood, at the moment, wide open.

I closed it at once, and seeing a jagged nail upon the floor, I contrived to fasten it so that any one without would, at least, have some trouble in opening it, and having bolted the door, was about to retire, when I heard a low murmur of voices in the room below, and bethought myself that through the crevices in the floor I might, perhaps, hear some portion of their conversation, and ascertain what manner of people I had actually fallen amongst.

Accordingly I knelt down, and applying my ear to an aperture in the uneven board, found that I could actually catch most of the words that were uttered. The first startled me.

"You've got your knife, I hope."

The answer was: "What the deuce do you think of my brains? This sort of a thing would be worth a good deal without a knife, wouldn't it?"

"What's the hour?" asked the other.

"Half-past eleven," said the first voice.

The two young men were speaking I knew. "People are abed by that time, mostly. We don't want to be interrupted."

And then their voices sank into a lower tone, and I heard no more. But now I felt certain that my life was in danger, and that the old woman had attempted to warn me, out of pity, probably, for my youth.

Having come to this conclusion, I sat down to deliberate as to my best course of action. I was young and slender, and no match for the hardy ruffians below. Escape would be better than resistance if I could contrive to elude the vigilance of my enemies. But that was all but impossible. The shed was in sight of the bar-room window, and the stairs descended directly into the room.

Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I would open the window and conceal myself beneath the feather bed. My enemies would, doubtless, fancy that I had escaped, and so pursuing me or abandoning their project would give me time to elude them. Besides, when daylight came I need no longer fear anything; for there would be travellers upon the road, and the miscreants would not dare to offer me an injury.

Obedient to my new idea, I immediately tucked myself and my knapsack between the immense straw and feather beds, and lay there, with my head out, listening. The hours dragged on slowly. The suffering I endured under that heavy weight on that hot August night can never be forgotten. And when eleven o'clock struck I was half mad with heat, suffocation, and sundry nipping bites from some mysterious insect whose home was in the feathers.

But suffocation is nothing to being murdered in cold blood; and when, half an hour later, I heard a sudden stir and movement below, I congratulated myself on my position most heartily.

It was not a dignified one; but I was young and slight, and there were three stalwart men against me, and no observers.

Soon I became confident that there were others concerned besides those I had seen already. Knocks came at the door below, voices and steps were heard, and soon I became aware that there was a general stir and departure. I awaited a raid upon my apartment with a beating heart; but, to my great relief, I soon heard the little band of men moving away from the door, and, gaining courage, arose and peeped from my window. About ten men, each with a bag upon his shoulder, were hurrying away from the house. Amongst them I recognized in the moonlight the landlord and the two younger persons who had entered the bar-room during my presence there. They were evidently ruffians, but I was not the object of their evil designs—perhaps because I was not rich enough to be worth the trouble—perhaps because the woman had interceded for me.

Nevertheless, as they might return repentant of their mercy, I went back to my position between the beds and there remained until dawn—sometimes dozing, sometimes starting awake, always suffering immense discomfort; for, besides the weight and heat of the bed, I wore my cloth garments and my boots.

At last in the early morning I heard a rap at my door, and the woman's voice called:

"Breakfast, stranger!"

And feeling that she intended to give me a hint that all was safe, I sprang from my uncomfortable quarters, and essayed to brush the feathers from my hair and clothes, and to wash away all traces of the agitation I had felt from my countenance.

As soon as I had done my best in these particulars I descended to the room below, and found a breakfast ready, and only the hostess present.

In the corner were several large water melons which, I was sure, had not been there on the previous night. My landlady, whom I regarded as my preserver, saw me glance towards them, and, as she poured my coffee, spoke:

"They're fine uns, aint they, stranger?" she said. "The boys all met here last night for a water million stealin'. It's considered a nice frolic in these parts, and they left us them. I'll cut one fur ye. They're refreshing, though they're too cold for my stomach now. I used to eat 'em when I was a gal. But livin' here has done fur me. You *did* shet your window, I hope, stranger?"

"Yes," I said, feeling that if she knew all that I had done I could not bear the inquiring glance she bent upon me. "Yes; why did you tell me to do so?"

"Because, I felt pity fur you," said the woman. "My old man has bought here, and don't like the place run down. But fever and ague is powerful bad hereabouts, and night air is almost sure to give it to ye. I shake the heft of the time. But the old man says I ruin the custom by tellin' folks so. Don't speak of it to him?"

I did not. I did not stay to speak to any one under that roof. I paid my reckoning, thanked my hostess, and hurried away, feeling terribly ashamed of myself, since my horde of ruffians had melted into a band of young countrymen bent on a melon-stealing frolic, and I had discovered that fever and ague was the only danger which threatened the traveller beneath those damp but honest walls.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says that the gray-haired old man at work on the Fulton street crossing-bridge was not a boy—he was a journeyman, just out of his time when the bridge commenced; and that the lad who saw the ground broken on Fulton street bridge, and who recklessly declared that he would be the first to pass over the completed structure, removed to Russian America soon after its cession to the United States, where he now resides, a respected citizen and one of the oldest inhabitants, "except Indians not taxed."

After the battle of New Orleans, a tavern-keeper of that city complained to General Jackson, who happened to stop in his bar-room, that some of his officers had threatened to cut his throat from ear to ear unless he gave them credit for all the liquor they might want. "If they cut your throat, I'll have the rascals hanged in ten hours afterwards," said the General. "I'd rather you'd have it done *ten minutes before*," said Bonniface; whereupon the General "smiled."

Robert Fulton, who was reduced to severe straits before he was able to realize anything from his great invention—the steamboat,—was assailed in his day of prosperity by a man who, twitting him of his former poverty, exclaimed: "I knew you a dozen years ago, when you had hardly a rag to your back." "You are mistaken, sir," calmly replied Fulton; "a dozen years ago, *I had nothing but rags to my back!*"

The wife of an eccentric Western judge complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her. "I wish," said she, "that I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company." "Yes, my dear," replied the judge, "I wish you were a book—but an almanack, I mean—for then I should change you every year."

A Faithful Lover.—"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that saleratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her. You know I am engaged to Deb."

Jackson Schultz, the President of our New York Board of Health, on hearing it announced that the chances were that there would be no small-pox in the city during the present season, remarked that, in that case, the city is not to be *pitted* so much as is generally thought.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked word, he'd beat her brains out. "Why then, *ram's-horns*, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it!"

A LAZY BARBER.

Strap loiters, drones and scrapes away,
So sleepy, dull and slow,
That while he's shaving one away,
Another beard may grow.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven!"

A small boy said to a man who was expressing his surprise that a baker's horse did not start at the explosion of crackers around him on the Fourth, "Why, sir, that horse has carried *crackers* this forty years."

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for his private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser!"

A notorious male flirt at last married. "Now, my dear," said his wife, "I hope you'll quit your trifling and foolish ways." "Madam," said he, "my marriage shall be my last folly."

An irritable gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the *ice-house*, and *warm* his jacket.

Science does more for the brute than the man. Pigs attacked by the most fatal disorders are frequently cured after death.

It was formerly said there was "a skeleton in every house;" now, their name is Legion in every clothes-closet!

Why is a generous man apt to be a good Christian? Because he is for-giving.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young lady of Fishkill being engaged to be married to a young man, her father placed her in a lunatic asylum, to break up the match. The officers of the asylum, finding she was not insane, let her go home. She was to take charge of a school in a few days, but hearing of the marriage of the gentleman to whom she was engaged, she deliberately shot herself.

Eight persons, all members of one family, were poisoned recently in Springfield, by eating strawberry short cake. An investigation revealed a dozen small enameled cards, which had carelessly been left in the bottom of the can of strawberries when it was filled and sealed, the arsenic and sugar-of-lead in the enamel causing all the trouble.

It has been ascertained that the barn of a farmer of Underhill, Vermont, in which eighteen head of cattle were burned several days since, was set on fire by a half-witted grandson of the farmer, a boy of about fourteen, who wanted to punish the house cat for sucking hen's eggs, and so covered her up in the hay-mow and set fire to it.

In Singapore, the "man-eating" tigers are so numerous, that natives are said to be carried off at the rate of a man a day, and so used have they become to such accidents that when a Chinese Coolie sees a tiger trotting after him, with an evident view to dining, he quietly sits down and resigns himself to his fate.

It would seem from the number of burglaries committed in villages along railroads in the interior, that parties of our professional metropolitan burglars have already set out on their Spring circuits. The rural police must look sharp for them, and our country friends must look to their door and window fastenings.

A motherless little girl, seven years of age, whose father is in California, and who was living with a clergyman's family in Stonington, being missed at dinner on Wednesday of last week, was looked for through the house and grounds, and her body finally found in the cistern, into which she had fallen.

Letters from Spain state that there are symptoms that the present government feels that its lease of power is near its end. The Queen has entered upon a negotiation for the sale of her landed estates, and has, moreover, sent the greater part of her jewels and personal valuables into France.

It has been decided to dedicate the statue of Mr. Everett, by Story, on the 17th of September next. The bust of Mr. Everett in marble, by Thos. Ball, for the Public Library of Boston, has arrived in that city, and will be assigned a place within a few weeks.

During a recent thunderstorm in Norwich, the lightning struck a dwelling-house and killed one of the inmates, a boy fifteen years old; and a young lady sixteen years old was killed in the same way and on the same day in East Glastenbury, Conn.

A married lady in Portland recently fell so violently in love with a young man of irreproachable principles, that her husband took pity on the poor fellow and gave him a thousand dollars to leave that city and settle for life in some distant place.

Mrs. Van Hagan, the wife of a merchant of Mobile, was poisoned on Sunday of last week, by the mistake of an apothecary, and died instantly. He had prepared a prescription for her, with prussic acid as an ingredient, instead of tartaric acid.

A currier in Philadelphia having from time to time lost valuable skins, at last set a detective to catch the thief, and to his grief found that it was his own son—a young man of twenty-three—whom he had not seen for nearly three years.

At Neenah and Menasha, Wis., one day last week, the numerous mills and manufactories were compelled to stop work in consequence of the races being filled and wheels clogged with fish from Lake Winnebago.

It is said that a barrel of flour can be purchased in Paris, sent to Liverpool by rail and steamer, and thence transported in a sailing vessel to New York, at less expense than it can be purchased in this city.

During the year 1866 there were five hundred more marriages in Connecticut than in any former year.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

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No. II.

ON THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

BY REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

In a country like ours, which lives on hope rather than on memory, which is prone to slight history, as if it furnished no rules nor precedents for our new experience, which regards the man of the past as the child, and the man of the future as destined to be the mature representative of the human family, it is natural that the study of the classics should be held by many to be useless, and hardly worthy to form a part of the American system of education. On the other hand, some go to the opposite extreme from a dislike to the prevailing tendency towards the practical, and maintain that no education is worthy of the name, the staple of which does not consist of the ancient classics. To steer between these parties, each of which only holds half the truth, will be our aim in our present remarks on classical studies. We are far from believing that an education founded on them alone would be the best one. We do not deny that an education, into which they do not enter, may be in some respects a very good one. Our position is that they have some peculiar advantages in training the mind, in cultivating the taste, in bringing the influences from the past into harmony with those from the present, and that it is not easy to find a substitute for them nor to discard them without disaster to our discipline and our cultivation.

There are studies which have a worth for their own sakes, or to express the same thought in its highest form, because they reveal to us the thoughts of God. There are other studies which train us for all thinking and all acquisition, but which are rather instruments than ends. It would be no great loss for the grown-up man to forget Algebra and Euclid, although they may have been most important means of fashioning him into his present intellectual shape. He could not have become the man he is without their help. To this second class belongs philology or the study of language. Its main use is as a means, although it is by no means without worth for what it contains in itself. The two classes of studies hold a relation to one another something like that of fixed capital to circulating, in political economy. Without fixed we cannot produce circulating capital to the same advantage, if at all. The fixed capital is but a means, yet no one finds fault with it because it is not turned into money but retained for future production. It is more productive in its present shape.

The first point which asks for our consideration, when we look at classical studies, is their agency in training the intellect. To illustrate this, let us first look at the study of language in general, no matter what the language studied may be. Here the materials for the mind to work upon are words themselves as signs of thought, alone or in combinations, and their forms and relations, or what we call grammar. Grammar, as it used to be taught, was a dull and deadening study, a picking up of chips and a putting of them into the basket of the mind; but as it is beginning to be taught it reveals to us a power of language-making now extinct, which joined little words to roots or general expressions for ideas, and out of their union created a vocabulary capable of almost boundless expansion. In our modern tongues which are broken down and half in ruins, this process does not appear; but the classical tongues are nearer to the period of formation and retain evident marks of the original plan. Then, again, in these languages the fulness of inflexions which the moderns have lost, are connected with a most refined syntax, the study of which is of high use to the logical faculty.

But passing beyond grammar to words as expressions of thought, we notice first the single word which is instinct with life, and has passed, like nations and like the material world, through a series of transitions, to which the imagination, the power of abstraction, usage and other causes, have contributed. The single word, however, and grammar are but preparatory for the next and main thing to be noticed, for sentences, paragraphs, entire works. Here the task for the individual is to enter into the thoughts of his fellow-men through the past ages, to gather to himself what the wisest and most gifted of the race have collected and placed within his reach. The process by which this is done we call interpretation, and the study of the classics consists of endeavors to ascertain their meaning. Now we claim that this study, faithfully pursued, is its own reward, and would greatly strengthen the mind if there were nothing of elegance in the style, nothing of value in the thinking of the ancients. The art of interpreting is one which calls forth various faculties of the human mind. The lawyer in his profoundest arguments on points of law is but an interpreter; the theologian has the same office when he discusses the meaning of Scripture. The exercise of our powers within the field of our own language is comparatively small; the task is far greater when we attempt to understand men of other times, of old ways of thinking, of other languages, institutions and religions.

In our efforts to explain an ancient document, the judgment is continually on the stretch. A word of many senses must be brought into harmony and rational connexion with other words of like kind. A sentence must have a relation to another sentence such as our reason approves. We advance to larger divisions, comprehending as we go, until the idea of a whole work is before our minds. In all this we are constructing a product of thought over again, we are estimating probabilities, balancing arguments for this or that interpretation, exercising our independent judgments according to our ability. If wrong, we learn by our mistakes, and the training pays for itself in spite of our mistakes. There is thus a continual activity of the logical faculty called forth in the study of language, especially if that language differs considerably from our own.

Concerning this discipline we have several remarks to make. *First*, it is eminently a practical discipline, since it consists in rapidly estimating the probability that this and that word have this and that sense, that such a clause stands so related to such another clause, and one sentence continues and harmonizes with the meaning of another. These logical processes are the same in kind with those of the lawyer and the preacher. Hence the inference is a direct one that such a training is eminently adapted to be a preparation for these learned professions. And the same remark will hold good in regard to the study of all the moral and political sciences.

In the *second* place, this discipline is fitted to make logical writers and thinkers. We do not say that it will form good writers or sound thinkers as a matter of course, for the mind of the individual may be natively murky, or awkward, or dull. But what we mean to say is that the habits produced by philological training almost compel a man to avoid ambiguities, to be consecutive, and to have his subject mapped out in his mind.

Thirdly, as in the interpretation of written documents, so in decisions on all the probabilities of life the study of language is of great use. It promotes the practical habit of rapid judgment on probable evidence, of which we have already spoken. We think, therefore, that the author of "Ecce Deus" speaks the truth when he refers to the "admitted effect of high classical culture upon the discussion of general questions of political and literary life." "The man," says he, "who has been thoroughly drilled in ancient literature will, other things being equal, be better able to discuss subjects of common interest, to trace their bearings and forecast their consequences than the unlettered man; not that there is any very patent connexion between philology and politics, but because of the severe intellectual discipline and consequent self-mastery which such drill necessitates."

But, again, it is a corrective of a one-sided tendency of mathematical study. That study is of great importance in education, but as it has to do with demonstrative evidence only, it will, if exclusively pursued, unfit us for practical life. Life is controlled by probabilities, but mathematical science knows only absolute certainties. The tendency to scepticism and unpractical judgments which mathematics, notwithstanding its excellent effects in training the mind, is apt to generate, is met and corrected by another discipline, that of language, which favors sound practical sense, and puts our minds in trim for the interpretation of the probabilities of life.

But it may be fairly asked, why a modern language cannot have the same healthy influence on the mind, besides furnishing the learner with an instrument which may be of the greatest use in the affairs of life, and with a key which may unlock vast stores of modern literature and science.

The answer is two-fold. First, while we admit that the discipline in learning all languages is the same in kind, we contend that it is not the same in degree. The modern languages are spoken or written by men of our own civilization, of our own times, who think like us, whose stock of thoughts is much the same as ours. It is plain that the effort to learn, the drill and exercise in learning such languages, must be much less than in overcoming the difficulties of one of the ancient tongues. But in the *second* place, the acquisition of those tongues is an excellent preparation for an easier and speedier acquaintance with modern languages. This is owing not only to the philological skill which classical study cherishes, but in the case of several of the existing European dialects is due to the fact that they are daughters of the Latin, with a stock of words derived from Latin roots, and with a grammar, broken down indeed, but showing everywhere traces of its Roman parentage. We have little question that if the object were to teach the four principal Romanic languages,—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French,—and if four years were assigned to this task, that the pupil who was trained exclusively, during the first two years, in the classical tongues, and gave the next two to the languages in question, would have a better mastery over them at the end, than he who should be put through the whole of the period to the study of the modern tongues alone. No time, in fact, would have been lost. The introductory studies [illegible] have paid for themselves, both by their superior discipline, and by the greater facility which they had imparted.

Another benefit to be set to the account of classical studies is their æsthetic culture. The forms in which thought is expressed appeal not only to the understanding and the logical power, but to the emotions and the sense of beauty. It is of the highest importance that the last be cultivated, else we train up men of naked intellect, of a baldly practical character without any generosity, warmth, or loftiness of soul. The refinement of the taste, it is true, goes on as long as life lasts, and is mainly drawn from books in the English language to which we have access. All the literature of the whole world besides has less power over our souls than the writers of our own dear mother-tongue. But granting this, we claim that if outside of our own language there is a literature superior in its forms and its finish to others, it may be serviceable in forming our taste, in increasing our sensibility to beauties and defects of style, in raising our standard of literary execution, in impressing us, by its grace or its majesty, with the perfection which man can reach in the art of composition. Such a literature is that of the classical tongues, especially of the Greek. Mr. Guizot, in comparing ancient and modern civilization, expresses himself to the effect that ancient literature is superior in form and style, and modern in variety and depth. In accordance with this view is the fact that modern style and modern taste have always drawn healthy influences from ancient. It was so at the revival of classical study in Italy; it was so in Milton's days; it is so even now. Such a master in composition as Goethe, to whom all times and lands paid tribute, could never have become what he was without having inhaled the breath of classic elegance. In the most finished works of the ancients we find all the materials for elevating and refining the taste. Rhythm of linked words, poetical measures most varied, delightful, and fit for every feeling and every mood, wonderful variety and freedom in the construction of sentences, taste in composition which either by instinct or by study produces something finished and exquisite, a calculation of the parts of a work with reference to the whole so nice and skilful as to resemble the organism of the most elegant living forms—such qualities as these, which appear in the best ancient classics more than in any others down to the present time, cannot fail to nourish the sense of beauty, of harmony, of fitness, even in the most ordinary minds.

But besides refining our taste, so that we are enabled to write our own language better and to judge of its writers better, classical study gives us a better idea of the meaning of our English words, and of the component parts of our mother tongue. English, we regret to say, is a very composite language. The Norman conquest extinguished the life of the Anglo-Saxon, and brought in a multitude of words from the French, which were generally of Latin origin. The revival of letters and the study of Latin added to our stores of words from this source, and modern science has imported a new stock, pedantic enough in form and sound, from the Greek as well as from the Latin. Our language, therefore, having unhappily lost its native power of composition and derivation, resorts to the extinct tongues, as the Roman barons of the middle ages built their palaces by the help of the grand ruins with which the city was filled. It is obvious, if such be the fact, that a knowledge of Greek and Latin must be of great use, both in suggesting the meanings of a vast number of words which are dark to the English mind, and in making easier the comprehension of those terms which need a scientific interpreter. But in addition to this, we may say that he who is able and accustomed to trace the meanings of our words back to their sources has found for himself a very high enjoyment. He has a vivid sense of the powers with which language is invested. Words which are dead to other persons are alive to him; and there is often vast beauty spread before him, when he discovers how by some figure, some elegant transition, these descendants of Greece and Rome, these wanderers from the old world, have become introduced into our modern English with the full rights of citizenship.

The last advantage to be drawn from classical study which we mention is that it greatly helps our conception of ancient history and of ancient civilization. The history of the olden times, though written by a Grote or a Merivale, brings us into contact with a world strange to us and unlike ours. Indeed the more skilfully the history is written, the more will the contrasts between the ages be made to stand out. But it is one thing to become familiar with events and quite another to penetrate into the thinking, the religion, the morals, the politics, the art of a different civilization. This is best done by becoming acquainted with the documents of the form of society in question. Its history teaches us not only what has come to pass in a certain part of the world, but how its own historians, such as Thucydides or Tacitus, have viewed their times. Its religion and morals tell us what the need was of such an appearance as that of Christ in history, and what was the difference between the times as they are counted down to His birth and the times as they flowed from His birth onward. There is a vivid impression going with the adequate study of classic authors which history in modern hands cannot wholly reproduce. A man can become an accomplished geographer without ever stirring from his closet; but how much more lively is his sense of the reality of the world, how much more just his estimate of it who has traveled over even a small portion of its surface. So acquaintance with classic authors gives life to the olden times, the haze that settles on the remote landscape is in part dispersed, and we gaze on the distant mountain without the danger of taking it for a cloud. Nor is it too much to say that no man is so capable of appreciating the claims on our faith which are made by a historical revelation like Christianity as he who, through his familiarity with ancient records, can form a clear picture to himself of the time when our religion was brought into the world.

Our advice to young men would be—first of all, not to be one-sided either in regarding any one kind of discipline as able alone to meet all the wants of the mind, or in despising any discipline to which high importance has been ascribed by thinking men. That discipline, surely, from classical study, to which poets like Tennyson and public men like Everett and Gladstone owe a large part of their culture, is not to be lightly thought of. If it bore the single fruit of training the judgment and the reasoning power—if, to use the expression of another, it only taught us what the word *therefore* denotes, it would do for the mind what perhaps no other discipline can do as well. And if, afterwards, its stores of words and of things were to be stolen out of our memories by the hand of Time, it might still claim to have wrought something of great importance within us. But if, besides this fruit, it bears for the faithful student those other fruits which we have noticed in the course of this essay, it certainly deserves to be called a many-sided, most useful discipline, and is not likely to be superseded by others or to become obsolete.

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TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD:

AN ALLEGORY.

BY JOHN [illegible] SAXE.

I.

List to a tale well worth the ear
  Of all who wit and sense admire,—
Invented—it is very clear—
  Some ages prior to Matthew Prior.

II.

Falsehood and Truth "upon a time,"
  One day in June's delicious weather,
('Twas in a distant age and clime)
  Like sisters, took a walk together.

III.

On, on their merry way they took,
  Through fragrant wood and verdant meadow,
To where a beech beside a brook
  Invited rest beneath its shadow.

IV.

There, sitting in the pleasant shade,
  Upon the margin's grassy matting,
(A velvet cushion ready-made)
  The young companions fell to chatting.

V.

Now while in voluble discourse
  On this and that their tongues were running,
As habit bids each speaks, perforce,
  The one is frank; the other, cunning.

VI.

Falsehood, at length, impatient grown
  With scandals of her own creation,
Said, "Since we two are quite alone,
  And nicely screened from observation,—

VII.

Suppose in this delightful rill,
  While all around is so propitious,
We take a bath?"—Said Truth, "I will,—
  A bath, I'm sure, will be delicious!"

VIII.

At this her robe she cast aside,
  And in the stream that ran before her,
She plunged—like Ocean's happy bride—
  As naked as her mother bore her!

IX.

Falsehood at leisure now undressed,
  Put off the robes her limbs that hamper,
And having donned Truth's snowy vest,
  Ran off as fast as she could scamper!

X.

Since then the subtle maid, in sooth,
  Expert in lies and shrewd evasions,
Has borne the honest name of Truth,
  And wears her clothes on all occasions,

XI.

While Truth, disdaining to appear
  In Falsehood's petticoat and boddice,
Still braves all eyes, from year to year,
  As naked as a marble goddess!

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The Twelve Articles.

In our last number we gave the first of our series of articles entitled, "Advice to Young Men," to be written for the *Ledger* by the Presidents of twelve of the principal Colleges in the United States. It was by President Hill, of Harvard College, and was "On the Study of the Mathematics." In our present issue we give the second article of the series, by President Woolsey, of Yale College, "On the Study of the Classics;" and in next week's *Ledger* we shall publish the third article, which is entitled "Hints to a Youth about to enter College," and is written by President Maclean, of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton.

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Mr. Beecher's Story.

An old Connecticut judge used to say that a hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; that it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs. If you doubt the good old judge's statement, read the installment of Mr. Beecher's story in this number of the *Ledger*, and test the matter for yourself.

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—The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy: like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, to soar up into their native element.

CATHERINE McAULEY,

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Catherine Elizabeth McAuley was born in 1787, near Dublin. Her father was a man of small independent fortune and the descendant of a line of Catholic ancestors. Though he died when his daughter Catherine was only seven years of age, one custom of his made an indelible impression on her mind. It was his habit on Sundays and holidays to collect the poor of his neighborhood and give them instruction in the requirements of their religion. Her mother, it appears, was a woman of fashion, who was far from approving her husband's Sunday schools.

"How is this, sir?" she would say, when she saw the swarm of ragged pupils approaching. "Must my house become a receptacle for every beggar and cripple in the country? It is certainly very unsuitable for a gentleman in your position to continue these absurdities. I don't know how you can employ yourself with these low, ignorant creatures."

The little Catherine listened every week to these altercations, and, though fondly attached to her mother, always sided in her heart with her father. Four years after her father's death, when Catherine was eleven years of age, her mother also died. Her death-bed, we are told, was terrible, and she died in all the agonies of remorse. The scene, we are informed, impressed the mind of the young girl all the more from the contrast it afforded to the joy and tranquility of her father's death, and it was one of the most powerful incentives to her future life of piety and benevolence. The death of her mother left her a poor orphan; for the estate which her father left had been mismanaged and lost through her mother's inexperience and profusion. She was taken home by a relative, who afterwards became so poor that she frequently suffered from want of food.

At sixteen she was one of the most beautiful girls in Ireland. She was beautiful at all periods of her life. Her form was erect and symmetrical, and her noble countenance beamed with intelligence and benevolence. Her portrait, taken late in life, shows her to have been a most comely and grand-looking woman; and I can well believe that, in her youth, she must have been splendidly beautiful. Her hand was sought in marriage by many admirers, but neither then nor at any future time did she show any inclination to matrimony.

While she was living in these narrow circumstances at the house of her relative, who was a surgeon, there came to live in the village a gentleman, with his wife, who had made a large fortune in the East Indies. They bought a handsome house near by, and soon became acquainted with the family with whom Catherine lived. In the course of a few months they became so attached to this interesting girl, that their chief happiness seemed to be in her society, and they finally offered to adopt her as their daughter and heiress. The offer was accepted, and she was soon established as an inmate in a sumptuous and elegant abode. As she grew in years her attention was drawn more and more to the deplorable condition of the poor. Ireland swarms with the poor; and the wonder is, not that Catherine McAuley should have devoted her life to their relief, but that any wealthy person in the country should sit down to enjoy life amid such scenes, content to witness misery without making an effort to relieve it.

Visiting one of the parish schools of Dublin, she noticed with pain that many of the pupils were insufficiently clad. Instead of giving them clothes, which she might easily have done, she rendered them a better service by going to the school and teaching the girls to sew. Many of [illegible] not only to make and mend their own clothing, but to do plain and fancy knitting, the sale of which was a benefit to their parents. She established, also, a repository in one of the school-rooms for the sale of the articles made by girls, and induced her friends to come and purchase them. When she had established this system in one school and saw all its pupils well-clad, she introduced it into others, and was thus a great benefactor to the poor of Dublin.

Her attention was also powerfully called to the case of poor girls who need protection against the danger to which poverty and beauty expose them; and she long cherished the project of establishing a home for such—a kind of benevolent intelligence office, in which they could be sheltered until respectable employment could be obtained for them. Her adopted father asked her one day what she intended to do after his death.

"I think," said she, "I shall take a small house, and support a few poor women, whom I could instruct and teach to work."

"How much do you think," he asked, "would support such an establishment?"

"I think," she replied, after a little reflection, "the interest of a thousand pounds would be quite sufficient."

"Catherine," said he, "your desires are very moderate; but if ever you possess wealth you will do good with it."

Not long after this conversation her adopted parents died, and she found herself the sole heiress of all their wealth. It consisted of an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, thirty thousand pounds in money, the mansion in which she lived, several policies of life insurance, and a considerable quantity of jewels and plate—a fortune equivalent to more than half a million dollars of our present currency. She was then thirty-five years of age.

The sudden acquisition of wealth is one of the severest trials to which poor human virtue can be subjected. Catherine McAuley bore this trial nobly. She dressed more plainly than before, and was more assiduous than ever in her labors for the relief and instruction of the poor around her. Unsatisfied with these comparatively desultory efforts, she now determined to carry out her early dream of founding an institution in which poor children could be taught to read and sew, and in which servants and other women of good character might, when out of employment, find a temporary home. Aided by the advice of an excellent priest, she purchased the necessary ground for £5,000 sterling, and employed an architect to construct the edifice. She told the architect that she wanted three or four large rooms for poor schools; four large sleeping rooms for poor young women; one large and lofty apartment for a chapel; and a few small rooms for any ladies who might wish to aid her in taking care of the poor. In due time the building was finished. She sold her handsome abode, dismissed her carriage and servants, and went to reside in the institution she had founded.

The first inmate painfully illustrated the need of such an institution. Visiting the sick one day in a poor lane, she saw a little ragged child crying bitterly. Its parents, she learned upon inquiry, had just died in a cellar, and the landlord had thrust the child into the streets to make way for some new comers to whom he had rented it. Miss McAuley took the child in her arms, in all its rags and filth, and carried it home as the first of her orphans.

It had never been her intention to found a convent, still less a new Order of religious Sisters. The institution seemed, however, to take that form by a kind of necessity. The ladies who came to assist her in teaching the children and in caring for her poor women, fell into the habit, first, of taking a plain meal in the institution as a matter of convenience. Some of them necessarily slept there; and as they were all devoted Catholics, their life within the institution gradually arranged itself after the manner of convents. In a short time, through the agency of her Archbishop, the Pope gave the institution his especial sanction, and established a new order of nuns called the Sisters of Mercy. The ladies assumed a nun-like dress, made the usual vows of chastity and poverty, and gave themselves up for life to the holy work of solacing the miserable and instructing the ignorant.

Various circumstances contributed to give immediate celebrity and success to her institution. The spectacle of a lady of rank, wealth and beauty renouncing the pleasures of the world and dedicating her existence to the poor and the miserable, is one which always captivates the imagination. Daniel O'Connell, too, who was then in the zenith of his renown, became acquainted with the new Order, and pronounced some fine eulogiums upon it in his public addresses. When the Order was but five years old, the first cholera broke out in Ireland. Never has there been a more terrible scourge. For a considerable time the deaths in Dublin averaged six hundred a day, and the whole city was in consternation. Such was the terror of the people at the awful mortality in the hospitals, that they conceived the impression that the doctors were murdering the people, and large numbers refused to allow their sick to be treated by them.

Then it was that the Sisters of Mercy exhibited the most sublime and heroic benevolence. They did not visit the hospitals; *they lived in them!* Some of them remained in the hospitals for months at a time, and they never discontinued their exertions as long as there was a patient to be benefited by them. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the Sisters of Mercy took the disease, although when, some years after, Ireland was desolated by the famine fever, many of them perished.

Catherine McAuley lived fifty-four years. Toward the end of her long sickness, her joy, it is said, became rapture; and, when one of her friends asked her if she felt any of that fear of death which she had once experienced, she said:

"If I had thought death could be so sweet, I never should have feared it!"

Some of the religious practices and beliefs of this remarkable woman were such as Protestants cannot approve. For example, she was in the habit, toward the close of her life, of whipping herself as a mortification for her sins. On the day before she died, she gave her whip to one of the sisters, while it was still wet with her blood, and ordered her to put it in the fire and see that it was burned. On the same day, she gave to another sister a parcel carefully tied up which contained her shoes, which she had also converted into means of torture. Her amiable and gifted biographer tells us that, when life was extinct, her shoulders were found to be scarred and her feet lacerated. These things are all foreign to our conceptions of what is right and proper; nevertheless, she thought otherwise; and it is the fundamental principle of Protestanism to leave every one free to work out his soul's purification in the way he finds most suitable.

Her mortifications of this kind were a secret known only to herself, and she always discouraged penances which lowered the tone of the bodily health and incapacitated the sisters for endurance. During the hours of recreation, she was one of the merriest of the merry—she would sing a lively song, tell a funny story, and relate her early experiences in the world to the delight of all who heard her, and she would write merry letters in rhyme, to the sisters in other convents.

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WATER AS A LOVE-CURE.

Reading over the [illegible] other day, it struck us in a new light. It will be remembered that our young Greek friend of something more than twenty centuries ago, being then in love with one Phaon, who did not care a button for her, broke out into flame-breathing verse, and told that heartless person, without any circumlocution, that she was literally dying for him. Instead of making a gushing response, the unimpressible young man ran away from the mainland of Greece to Sicily. She pursued him and wrote more poetry, invoking Cupid, Venus, and all the intriguing Gods and Goddesses of Olympus, to help her. Phaon, however, was as cold as if he had been cradled in a refrigerator and suckled on icicles; so, as a last resort, poor Sappho scrambled to the top of a cliff and jumped into the sea. The cliff was called Leucate, and had a very *high* reputation as a plunging-place for lovers. If they were drowned, there was an end of their passion that way; if they lived, their passion died—being incontinently drenched out of them by the sea-water. It is recorded that no man or woman who was fortunate enough to survive [illegible] "lover's leap" from Leucate, was ever troubled with love-sickness thereafter.

Pondering these facts—supposing them to *be* facts—it occurred to us that hydropathy must be an infallible specific for love. We recommend a trial of it to the hopelessly enamored. No need to jump into the sea. Try the douche, the the shower-bath, the sitz, and an aqueous deluge inside. If they will relieve nothing else, they will probably relieve the pangs of unreturned affection. Why should a love-lorn lady take the Sapphic slide, when a few hours in wet sheets might make her heart whole? What sense is there in a stricken youth blowing his brains out, when "the pack" might send his passion packing. The easiest way is best. If love can be washed out of people in a water-cure establishment, the suicidal method of getting rid of it is as ridiculous as it is sinful. We throw out these remarks in a philanthropic spirit, merely requesting, in return, that any lady or gentleman who may be cured of what Sappho has called the "wasting cares and pains of love," by acting upon our suggestion, will forward an abstract of the case to the *Ledger*.

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MORAL BACKBONE.

Without a stiff moral backbone a sound condition of the mental organization is impossible. Yet this essential element of mental stability is rather rare. Weakness of the moral spine is in fact much more common than disease of the material vertebræ. It is a sad disability and works an infinity of mischief. Those who are afflicted by it not only wrong themselves through its influence, but also inflict serious evils upon society. They lend money which in some cases they can ill spare, to persons whom it does not benefit; become security for people they do not know, and are mulcted in the amount of the guarantee; recommend as worthy of the confidence of others men in whom they have no confidence themselves, and are dishonored by the conduct of their *protégés*; bestow places on individuals they do not esteem; live in a manner which neither their conscience nor their taste approves, and all this because they have not strength enough in their moral spines to bear up against the pressure of importunity and temptation. Where there is a natural tendency to this kind of weakness it should be choked in early life, for it rapidly grows worse by indulgence. "He has had an ill education," said the Elder Brutus, "who has not been taught to *deny*." A peremptory negative at the right time has saved many multitudes from perdition. A weak assent at the wrong time has been the ruin of millions.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

BY ALICE CARY.

The fields with flowers a-blowing,
They all behind us lie—
Our Autumn, it draweth nigh;
But O, my friends, we are going
To the Summer hills on high!

We are vexed with wars and warring—
Our strifes with our days increase;
But there cometh a swift release—
For O, my friends, we are nearing
The life of eternal peace!

Our roof-tree drops asunder—
Our floor-planks slide like sands—
In our doors the darkness stands;
But O, my friends, there is splendor
In the house not made with hands!

We know no full completeness—
In the sky of the day most clear
Some shadow is sure to appear;
But O, my friends, there is sweetness
In the days of the endless year.

The winds are beating and blowing—
The frost on our heads is white—
We are drawing near to the night;
But O, my friends, we are going
To the morning land of light!

In spite of the fast possession,
Our thoughts they flutter and flee,
Like wild birds out to sea—
For we long to know the fashion
Of the life that is to be.

Our golden gains we are losing,
Our hopes are dim with dust,
But O, my friends, we trust
What seemeth lost is for using
Where there is nor moth nor rust.

Our life is a twice-told story
That charm no longer lends;
But O, my friends, my friends,
We are coming close to the glory
That never fades nor ends.

We stand of our strength forsaken,
And sick unto death, in sooth,
But this we know of a truth,
That out of the dust we shall waken
To a life of immortal youth.

The Winter brings rough weather,
And into the chill and the gloom
We go, and we never come;
But O, my friends, we shall gather
Together in Heaven—our home.

◆

WINNING HER WAY.

By **MRS. SOUTHWORTH,**

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

A MESSENGER.

> The boy alighted at the gate,
> But scarce upheld his fainting weight;
> His swarthy visage spake distre[illegible]
> But this might be from wearine[illegible] BYRON.

In the sunshine of affection and happiness Drusilla grew beautiful and blooming. She loved her truant Alexander as faithfully as ever, but she loved him in hope and trust, and not in fear and sorrow. She felt that he was old enough, big enough and strong enough to take care of himself, even when out of her sight, while here upon her lap lay a lovely babe, a gift of the Heavenly Father to her, a soft little creature whose helplessness solicited her tenderness, whose innocence deserved it, and whose love will certainly return it.

Her baby gave her love for love, and the very faintness and feebleness of its little signs of love, made these sweet infant efforts all the more touching and pathetic. How could she trouble herself about Alexander and his doings while her little boy lay smiling in her eyes?

"Baby lips will laugh him down."

[illegible], gazing fondly on his face, "you will always love me, and when you grow up to be a man you will love me all the more, because I shall be old and feeble." And her thoughts involuntarily reverted to the bearded man who had rejoiced in her health and beauty, but turned coldly away from her when she was sick and pale, and most needed his love and care.

Anna, who was sitting with her, laughed merrily.

Drusilla looked up, with just a shadow of annoyance on her fair face. And Anna answered the look:

"My dear, I laughed at what you said."

"Well, but I spoke truth. I know my darling *will* always love me, and when he grows up to a tall, strong man, and I shall be an old and infirm woman, he will love me more tenderly than before, because I *am* old and infirm," persisted the fond mother, stooping her lips to her boy's brow.

Anna laughed louder than ever.

"Why, Drusilla," she said, "you are but sixteen years old. When your son is grown up, say at twenty, you will be but thirty-six, in the very maturity of a healthy woman's strength and beauty. Your son will be your dearest friend and companion; if you have lost somewhat of the wife's happiness, you will have an unusual share of the mother's joy. You are still so young, such a mere child yourself, that you may take your little son by the hand with the prospect of going nearly the whole journey of life together. You will be his playfellow in his childish sports; his fellow-student in his boyish studies, and his comrade in his youthful travels. You will go on in life and grow old together—or almost together."

"Oh, so we will. I did not think of it before. I was thinking that the mother of a grown son must be quite an aged lady. Alick's mother was quite aged and infirm."

"Yes; because she was forty-four years old when Alick was born, which makes some difference, you know," laughed Anna.

There was silence a little while, and then Anna said:

"You will have much joy in your son, if the Lord should spare him to you, Drusilla."

"The Lord *will* spare him to me. I feel convinced of it," answered the young mother reverently.

"And every year—nay, every month—your joy will increase; for as his affections and intelligence develop, he will grow more and more interesting and attractive to you."

"It seems to me that he could scarcely ever be more interesting and attractive than he is now. Look at him, Anna. See how beautiful are his mute, faint efforts to express the love he feels, but does not understand. 'Touch is the love sense.' He knows that, at least; and see how his little hands tremble up towards mine and then drop; and see the smile dawning in his eyes, and fluttering around his lips, as if uncertain of itself? Will you tell me, at what time of a child's existence it is sweeter and lovelier than now in its first budding into life?"

Before Anna could answer the question, the door was opened by mammy, who chirpingly announced:

"Here is Leo, from Cedarwood, ma'am, bringing letters for you."

And she closed the door, leaving Leo standing before his astonished mistress.

"It is my footman from my old home, dear [illegible]," explained Drusilla.

[illegible]n, turning to the messenger, she held out her [illegible]nd and said:

"[illegible] do you do, Leo? You have letters for m[illegible]

Leo [illegible]wly took a packet from his pocket, handed them over to his mistress, and then, lifting both his hands to his eyes, burst out crying and ROARED as only a negro boy with his feelings hurt can do.

"Why, what is the matter?" anxiously inquired Drusilla, pausing in the examination of her letters, in her pity for the distress of the boy—"What is the matter, my poor Leo?"

"Oh, mum, it is to see-hee," sobbed Leo, "to see-hee you so well-hell, and hap-pappy, and to know as I am bring—hing bad news again! Seems like I was born—horn to be the death of you, ma'am," said the boy, scarcely able to articulate through his sobs.

"I hope not, Leo. Sit down and compose yourself. I trust your master is well."

"Oh yes, mum, he is well enough (*wish to the Goodness Gracious he wasn't!*) but he's done, tored up everything and—Boo! hoo! ooo!" cried Leo, gushing out into such a cataract of tears and sobs that he was forced to bury his face in his big bandana and sink into a seat.

"Compose yourself, Leo, and I will read my letters. They will explain, I suppose," said Drusilla, opening the packet.

There were three letters from her lawyer, which she laid aside; and there was one from her husband, which she opened and read. It ran thus:

Cedarwood, Dec. 22nd, 18—.

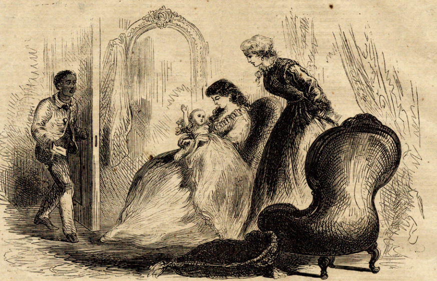
MADAM:—Had you chosen to remain quietly in the home I provided for you, it should have been yours for life, with a sufficient income to keep it up. But as you voluntarily left it, you have forfeited your right to return to it, as well as all your claims upon me for support. The place is now dismantled and sold. The messenger who takes this letter has charge of all your personal effects, and will deliver them over to you. ALEXANDER LYON.

We know the time, not so long since, when the young wife would have screamed, cried or swooned at the reception of such a letter from her husband.

Now, she simply bent forward and laid it on the fire, and when it blazed up and sank to ashes, she said:

"It is gone; and now it shall be forgotten."

And then she stooped and kissed her babe.



THE MESSENGER FROM CEDARWOOD.

Leo, stealing an anxious glance at her, misunderstood the movement, and started forward, exclaiming:

"Oh, mum! don't go for to faint; please don't."

Drusilla looked at him and smiled kindly, saying:

"I am not likely to do so, my boy. I am strong and healthy now, thank Heaven! and besides, there is nothing to faint about. I am only a little sorry that the cottage is sold."

"Oh, mum! don't! I shall cry again if you do! Oh, mum, you used to say as how you would make that wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose; and so you did, mum, lovely! But oh, mum! he have turned the beautiful place into a howling wilderness again!" bawled the boy.

"Never mind, Leo, I will get it back again some day, and restore all its beauty," said Drusilla, smiling. "And now, my boy, where is your sister?"

"She have gone back to Alexandria, mum; but sends her love and service to you, mum."

"And the poor pets—the little birds, and the cat and kittens, Leo?"

"Pina has got them all to take care on for you, ma'am, till you sends for 'em and for her, cause she considers of herself into your service, ma'am, which likewise so do I."

"And the cow and calf, and the horses, Leo?"

"They was sold to the people as bought the place, ma'am."

"I hope they will be kindly treated."

"I hope they will, ma'am; for they did miss you, as well as me and Pina did; and they showed it in every way as dumb creeturs could."

"And where did you leave my effects, Leo?"

"I brought as many trunks as I could on the stage with me, ma'am; and the rest of the boxes is coming down by wagons. Pina was very careful in packing everything, ma'am; and here is the money you gave me to keep," said Leo, taking a sealed packet from his breast pocket, and handing it to his mistress.

"Thanks, my boy; you and your sister have been very faithful, and I shall certainly retain you both in my service, and at an increase of wages."

"Oh, ma'am, neither me, nor yet Pina is mussenary. We'll be glad to come back to you on any terms."

"And now, Leo, look here! Here is my baby boy! when the spring comes he will be big enough for you to take him on your shoulder and ride him about! Won't you and he have a good time?"

"Oh, ma'am, what a purty little creetur! But he's *very* little, aint he, ma'am?" said Leo, looking shyly at the baby, which indeed he had been furtively contemplating ever since he had been in the room.

"Why, no, Leo; for his age, he is very large, *very!* Who is he like, Leo? Look and tell me."

Leo dutifully looked, and saw well enough who the boy really was like; but he answered stoutly:

"He is like you, ma'am, and nobody else."

"Oh, look again, Leo! His eyes are open now. *Now* who is he like?"

"He is the image of *you*, ma'am, and not another mortial in the wide world," repeated Leo, defiantly.

"How *can* you say that, you stupid boy? Is he not like his father?"

"No, mum! not the leastest little bit in life! He is like nobody but YOU," persisted the lad, doggedly.

"Leo, you are a mole! You have no eyes! Now go down to your mother, and tell her to make you comfortable."

"Thank you, ma'am. I am so glad to see you so well, ma'am, with such a purty little boy, and I am so thankful as you don't take on about thinks like you used to do," replied the lad.

"I am so much better and stronger now, Leo. But go and give my message to your mother."

Leo bowed and left the room.

"So Alick has sold Cedarwood," said Anna.

"Yes."

"What a wretch!"

"*Please*, Anna——"

"I can't comprehend your tenderness for that man, Drusilla! but, there! I will not wound it if I can help it. I am glad he has sold Cedarwood, however. It settles the question of your future residence. You must stay with us now."

As Anna spoke, General Lyon entered the room, and came with his pleasant smile and sat down beside his protegée.

She turned to him, and, laying her hand in his, said:

"My fate is decided for me, dear sir. I have no home but this, and no protector but you."

"My darling, I am very glad."

Yet, in saying this, the General looked from his adopted niece to his grand-daughter, as if for an explanation.

Seeing Drusilla hesitate, Anna answered for her.

"Yes, sir, that vill—I mean Mr. Alexander Lyon—has sold Cedarwood."

The General now looked from his grand-daughter back to his niece as if demanding confirmation of the news.

"Yes," admitted Drusilla, casting down her eyes—in regret for him, not in sorrow for herself; "he has sold Cedarwood, but then, you know, dear sir, that I had left the house."

A flush of shame crimsoned the cheek, a frown of anger darkened the brow, of the veteran soldier.

"And that man calls himself a Lyon and my nephew! I am glad now they never called him Leonard! There never was a rascally Leonard Lyon yet! And I am very glad, my dear, that you did not name our noble boy here Alexander! The infern——"

Drusilla raised her hand with an imploring and deprecating gesture.

"Well, well, my dear, I will try not to offend again. It is true that an old soldier has a right to swear at his degenerate nephew; but not in the presence of ladies, I confess. So let the scound—I mean Alick—go. Yes, let him go, and joy go with him, especially as, setting the baseness of the act aside, I am really very glad he *has* sold Cedarwood, for it settles the question of your residence with us, my dear."

"And I am glad to stay here," answered Drusilla, with a smile. "It is true that I thought it my duty to go back to Cedarwood, and await there the pleasure of my husband; and I should have risked everything and gone there, if he had not sold the place. And I know I should have had to wait long months or years for his return; and I should have been very lonely and dreary, and should have missed you and dear Anna and Dick very much. No, upon the whole, I cannot say that I am sorry to be relieved of the duty of going back to Cedarwood to live alone," said Drusilla, frankly.

"That's my girl! Sorry? no, I should think you would not be. What should you want with Cedarwood, trumpery toy cottage, with its little belt of copse-wood, when you have Old Lyon Hall and its magnificent surroundings of forests and mountains?—to say nothing of having ME and Anna and Dick!" exclaimed the old man, holding out his hand to his favorite.

She took it and pressed it to her lips, and then answered:

"Yet I loved the pretty little wildwood home; and some day I will buy it back again, even if I have to pay twice or thrice its value."

General Lyon looked up, surprised to hear the discarded wife and dependant woman talk so bravely of buying estates at fancy prices, even as Anna had looked at having heard her speak so freely of retaining her old servants at double wages. Yet both were pleased, for they said to themselves—"This proves that she has the fullest confidence in us, and knows that we will never let her feel a want, even a fantastic or extravagant want, unsupplied." And the general answered:

"That is right, my dear girl. So you shall buy it back—to-morrow, if you like! or as soon after as we can bring the present proprietor to terms. Mr. Alexander shall learn that somethings can be done as well as others. But Drusilla, my darling, although we may purchase the place and restore it, I do not mean to consent that you shall ever return there to live alone; remember that."

"I do not mean to do so, sir. I will never leave you until my husband calls me back to him," said Drusilla, giving him her hand.

"That is right! that is sensible! Now, since you are fond of that little bird-cage, I will set about buying it for you directly. You shall have it for a New Year's gift; and then if you *must* see the place sometimes, why we can all go and live there instead of at a hotel, when we go to Washington for the season.

"Oh, how kind, how good you are to me," breathed Drusilla, in a soft and low tone with deep emotion; "but, dear sir, do not think that I thank, or love, or bless you any the less, when I say that I do not wish this as a gift from your munificent hands. Dear uncle, I am well able to afford myself the pleasure of possessing my 'toy cottage.'"

"Ah! he *has* provided handsomely for you, after all! Come! his villainy is a shade less black—I beg your pardon, my child! I won't again! indeed I won't!—I mean his—transaction is a shade lighter than I supposed it. Well, I am glad, for his sake, that he has provided for you. But, Drusilla, my child, I would not take his money! having denied you his love and protection, I would take nothing else from him."

"Dear uncle, although I do not need anything from my Alick except his love, yet, should he offer anything, I would gratefully receive it, hoping that his love would follow. But you are mistaken—he has made no provision for me."

"What did you mean then, my dear, by refusing Cedarwood as my gift and saying that you were able to purchase it yourself?"

"I have a large fortune in my own right, dear sir."

"A fortune in your own right!" echoed Anna, in astonishment.

"You never mentioned this circumstance before, my dear," said the general, in surprise and incredulity.

"Indeed, I had utterly forgotten it until my servant arrived with these letters from my solicitors. It was very stupid of me to forget it; but, dear sir, only think how many more important matters there were to drive it out of my head," replied Drusilla, deprecatingly.

"For my part, I do not think that anything can be more important to you, in present circumstances than the inheritance of a large fortune. It *is* an inheritance, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir,—from my grand-uncle, a merchant of San Francisco."

"And how large is the fortune?"

"I do not know, sir—some millions, I think. Here are the lawyer's letters. I have not looked at them yet," said Drusilla, putting the "documents" in the hands of her old friend.

"Astounding indifference!" he murmured to himself as he put on his spectacles and opened the letters.

Drusilla and Anna watched him attentively.

"Why, my dear child, you are a billionaire! You are probably the wealthiest woman in America!" exclaimed the General, in astonishment. "That is, if there is no mistake!" he added. "Are you sure you are the right heiress?" taking off his spectacles and gazing at Drusilla.

"I am quite sure, sir. There were too few of us to afford room for confusion. In my grand-uncle's generation, there were but two of the family left—himself and his only brother, my grandfather. My grand-uncle being a woman-hater, lived and died a bachelor. My grandfather married, and had one only child—my father; who, in his turn, also married, and had one only child—myself. You see how plain and simple is the line of descent?"

"I see,' said the General, reflectively; "but, my dear, it is not sufficient for a set of facts to be true in themselves, they must be capable of being proved to the satisfaction of a court of law. Can all these births, marriages, and deaths be proved, Drusilla?"

"Oh, yes sir; there are so few of them—they have occurred within so short a time, comparatively speaking."

"In what manner, my dear? Remember, Drusilla, that what might convince you or me of a fact might not have the same effect upon a court."

"All that I have said, dear sir, can be established to the satisfaction of the most scrupulous court that ever existed, by church registers and court records, family Bibles, tomb-stones, papers, letters, and personal friends."

"I am glad to hear it. And you know where all these proofs can be found?"

"Yes, sir. Many of them, Bibles, letters, documents, and so forth, are in my possession. All the others are to be found in Baltimore."

"Where a large portion of your inheritance lies, and where your lawyers live?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes; well, my dear, if all this is as you suppose it to be—and I have no doubt that it is so—your way to fortune is clear enough! Let me congratulate you, my dear, on being, perhaps, the richest woman in America!" said the General, shaking her hands warmly.

Anna also heartily added her own congratulations.

"And now, my child," said the General, kindly, "let us attend to this business at once. Your lawyers are naturally displeased and suspicious at your long delay. As you are not very much of a business woman, you will let me take these letters to my study and answer them for you."

"Oh, if you would be so kind, dear sir, I should be so happy."

CHAPTER LIII.

FORTUNE.

> Fortune is merry,
> And in this mood will give us anything.
> SHAKESPEARE.

So General Lyon answered the lawyers' letters, and in a more satisfactory manner, it is to be presumed, than Drusilla had ever done. His illustrious name and exalted position were in themselves enough to dispel any doubts that the mysterious reticence of the heiress might have raised in the minds of her solicitors.

Having sent his letter off to the post-office, and knowing that several days must elapse before he could hear from the solicitors again, the old gentleman dismissed the matter from his mind, and addressed himself to the enjoyment of the Christmas festival now at hand.

Dick arrived from Richmond on Christmas Eve, having in charge several large boxes containing the Christmas presents.

Among them were the crib, the perambulater and the hobby-horse, which were all deposited for the present in the room selected and fitted up by Anna, as the future play-room of little Master Leonard Lyon.

Anna's and Drusilla's presents consisted of rich and costly furs and shawls, from the General; and splendid jewels and delicate laces from Dick.

The veteran's gifts were a pair of soft, embroidered velvet slippers and smoking cap, from Anna; a warm, quilted dressing-gown from Drusilla; and a new patent reading chair of unequalled ingenuity, comfort and convenience, from Dick.

Dick's presents were a fowling piece of the most superior workmanship, from his uncle; an embroidered cigar case from his betrothed; and a smoking cap from Drusilla.

Besides these, each male and female servant in the house was made happy in the possession of a new and complete Sunday suit.

After the distribution of the presents on Christmas morning the family went to church.

At the end of the service they returned to an early dinner, and spent the afternoon and evening in social enjoyment.

As usual in the Christmas holidays, General Lyon gave one large party, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances for thirty miles around.

And at this party he formally introduced Drusilla as:

"My niece, Mrs. Alexander Lyon."

And this he did with so much quiet dignity, as in most cases to repress all expression of surprise from those who could not fail to wonder at such an introduction. And if any had the temerity to utter their astonishment, they were courteously silenced by the answer of the stately old gentleman.

"Old people cannot and ought not to choose for young ones in affairs of the heart. I had hoped that my nephew and my grand-daughter would have married each other, for my sake; but I was wrong. They have each chosen partners for their own sakes; and they were right. Come here, Dick! Sir and madam, let me present to you Mr. Richard Hammond as my future and well-beloved grand-son-in-law."

After that what could the gossips say or do? Of course nothing but bow, courtesy and congratulate; though some among them, being maliciously inclined, and envying the young heiress of Old Lyon Hall her beauty and her wealth, did shrug their shoulders and raise their eyebrows as they whispered together: That it was very strange Miss Lyon's marriage being put off so frequently and she herself at last passed so carelessly from one bridegroom to another; and that it looked but too likely she would be an old maid after all; for she was getting on well in years now!

A very false and spiteful conclusion this, as the beautiful Anna was not yet twenty-three years old.

Some even had the ill-luck to inquire of the General, or of Anna, or Dick:

"Where is Mr. Alexander Lyon now?"

But the quiet answer was always the same:

"In Washington, attending to the sale of some real estate there."

And the conversation would be quickly turned.

With the exception of these annoying questions, implied or directly asked, and which General Lyon knew must be sooner or later met and answered, and which he felt had best be settled at once, the party passed off as pleasantly as any of its predecessors had done.

On this occasion at least there was no failure upon account of the weather. There never was a finer star-light winter night to invite people *out.*

Nor was there any tampering with the lamps of the long drawing-room; there never was seen a more brilliantly lighted and warmed saloon to entice people *in.*

The music was inspiring; the dancing was animated; the supper excellent. The festivities were kept up all night.

And did Drusilla enjoy the party?

Of course she did. Why not? She could *love* forever, but she could not *grieve* forever. She was experiencing a delightful re-action from her long depression of spirits. She was young and beautiful, and formed to give and receive pleasure amid these Christmas festivities. In a rich white moire antique dress, delicately trimmed with black lace and black jet, she looked exquisitely pretty. To please her friends and also a little to please herself, she danced—first with General Lyon, who led her to the head of a set to open the ball; then with Dick, and afterwards with any others whom her uncle introduced to her. And all who made her acquaintance were charmed with the beauty and sweetness of the lovely, child-like creature.

A refreshing breakfast was served at seven o'clock; after which, the guests, well pleased, took leave and departed by the light of the rising sun.

Early in the new year, "mammy," well paid for her faithful services and loaded with tokens of her patient's good-will, took leave of the family and of her fellow-servants and left Old Lyon Hall to return to her own home in Alexandria.

She was attended by Leo, who was commissioned to bring down Pina and the birds, the dog, the cat and the kittens; for to mammy's perfect content, the brother and sister were again to enter together the service of Mrs. Lyon.

"I have brought up my chillum respectable; which it is allus my pride and ambition so to do, and likewise to have them engaged in service long o' the old respectable, rustycratic families, which none can be more so than the Lyonses of Old Lyon Hall, and that to *my* sartain knowledge, which has heard of them ever since I was born," said mammy, on parting with her gossip, Marcy. "And I hopes, ma'am," she added, "if you sees my young people agoing wrong, you'll make so free for my sake as to correct them; which their missus, the young madam, is much too gentle-hearted for to do; but gives them their own head far too much."

Marcy gave a promise to have an eye upon the boy and girl—a promise she was but too likely to keep.

And so mammy departed, well pleased.

The very day she left, the wagons from Washington City, containing Drusilla's personal effects from Cedarwood, which had been delayed by the bad condition of the roads, arrived at Saulsburg.

General Lyon, being duly apprised of the circumstance by a messenger from the "Foaming Tankard," sent carts to meet them.

But more than one day was occupied with the removal.

For Alexander Lyon, either from pride, compunction, or a faint revival of the old love, or from all these motives combined, had sent down, not only Drusilla's wardrobe and books, but every article of furniture that particularly appertained to her use. And all these were very carefully packed, so as to sustain no injury from the roughness of the roads over which they were brought.

There was first a whole wagon load of boxes filled with the rich and costly wearing apparel with which he had overwhelmed her in the days of his devotion.

Then there was another load composed of her mosaic work-table, sewing chair, and footstool; her enamelled writing-desk, work-box and dressing-case; her favorite sleepy hollow of a resting chair; and other items too numerous to mention.

The third load comprised her sweet-toned cottage piano, her harp and her guitar.

It took two days to transport these things from Saulsburg to Old Lyon Hall, and it took two more days to unpack and arrange them all in Drusilla's apartments.

The fond and faithful young wife contemplated these dear familiar objects with a strange blending of tenderness, regret and hope. Each item was associated with some sweet memory of her lost home and lost love. But even now she did not weep; she smiled as she whispered to her heart:

"He does not know it, but he loves me still; and some day he will come and tell me so. I can wait for that bright day, Alick, my Alick, when I shall place my boy in your arms and tell you how in the darkest hours I never ceased to love you and never doubted your love!"

She was absorbed for a little while, and then once more she murmured to herself in her beautiful reverie:

"For what would love be if darkness could obscure its light, or wrong destroy its life?"

Ah! if this devoted young wife ever does succeed in WINNING HER WAY to the heart and conscience of her husband, she will do it through the power of her love and faith alone.

Before the week was out Drusilla had another pleasure, in the arrival of Leo and Pina with her pets.

She received them all with gladness.

"Oh, ma'am," exclaimed Pina, "but it does my very heart good to see you looking so rosy and bright-eyed! And I'm just dying to see young Master Leonard! And I am to be his nurse, aint I, ma'am? And how is the dear little darling pet? And, oh, I am so glad to see you looking so well and so happy!"

"I am very happy to see you also, Pina," said Drusilla, when the girl had stopped for want of breath. "I hope you left your mammy well."

"Oh, as well as possible, ma'am; but with *baby on the brain* as sure as she lives, in regard to talking about little Master Leonard, which she stands to it is the finest baby as ever she saw among the hundreds and hundreds as she has had the honor of—of—of——"

Pina paused for want of words or breath.

"Of first introducing to their friends and relations," added Drusilla, laughingly coming to the girl's relief.

"Yes, ma'am, that is the way to put it," said Pina, approvingly. "But please, ma'am, may I see little Master Leonard?" she pleaded, eagerly.

"Go with Matty first, Pina. She will show you the room where you are to sleep, and which joins the nursery. Wash your face and hands, and change your travelling dress for a clean one, and then come to my chamber, which is on the other side of the nursery, and I will show you our baby."

"Thank you, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. I am a perfect show for dust and dirt, I know, and in no state to go nigh a dainty little baby," said Pina, curtesying, and then following Matty from the sitting parlor, where this interview had taken place.

And thus Drusilla's surroundings at Old Lyon Hall were soon arranged to her perfect satisfaction.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT..]

CAUGHT IN A TUNNEL.

BY GEN. WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

Wishing to be present at the wedding of a cousin in Albany a few days ago, I took my seat in an evening Hudson River Railroad train. While looking through the window at the crowd of hurrying passengers, I felt my shoulder touched and heard the pleasant voice of my friend Captain B——. As there is no military renown connected with the incident I am about to relate, perhaps he might not like his name to appear; but should you visit West Point and meet with an artillery officer whom everybody likes and who is one of the most agreeable companions in the world, you may ask him about his tunnel adventure, and he will describe it to you better than I can.

The conversation of my friend converted the tediousness of the journey into enjoyment; and before we had supposed ourselves at Peekskill, we were surprised at the shout of the brakeman announcing the station, "Garrison's."

"Do you not stop here for West Point?" I inquired.

"No," replied the Captain, "I am going to Hudson to dine with Alger."

Immediately after passing Garrison's, the train steamed through the long tunnel which takes its name from the station. My friend was silent for several minutes after, when, turning to me, he said, "I always feel chilly when I go through that tunnell."

"For what reason?" I asked.

"I was caught in it one night," said the Captain, "and I think I never so narrowly escaped death as on that occasion."

I begged him to relate the particulars, and he obligingly described the occurrence as follows:

"You have lived long enough in Cold Spring," said the Captain, "to know that the Saturday dinners of Mr. —— are exceedingly delightful. Well, on one occasion I was present at one of these Saturday evening re-unions, and there was such an unusual amount of enjoyment that time flew by with double its ordinary rapidity. General Scott had taken his seat at the whist-table, and having been beaten, he could not bear to abandon the game until he had had his 'revenge.' A group of West Point Professors watched the players with deep interest; and I myself became so absorbed in watching the game that, when I at last remembered that I had agreed to meet Livingston at the depôt and go with him to Garrison's, I found on looking at my watch that I had but seven minutes to get to the train. I made my adieux hastily, and walked rapidly to the station, but arrived too late. The train had gone.

"The night was delightful, the stars were brilliant and the moon was nearly full. I felt unusually well, and being an excellent walker, I at once resolved to walk to Garrison's, for the distance was about three miles only, and I had on several occasions walked over that portion of the railroad. I examined my time table, and saw that there were no trains due for some hours. I did not, at that time, know it had been that day changed.

"After picking my way over the long bridges on piles, and testing my powers of walking a rail over the draw-bridge, I reached the mouth of the tunnel. It looked darker and more forbidding than I expected, and I paused a few moments before I resolved to go through it. I had not gone far when I was in perfect darkness. Knowing that the trains run on the right hand track, I took the one on the left, in order that I might not be overtaken in rear, and could see the engine light if approaching me in front, as soon as possible. I had reached about the middle of the tunnel, when I heard the distant rumbling of a train. I listened attentively, and felt satisfied that the cars were coming from the direction of Cold Spring. I therefore continued on the track I had taken. Presently the sound of the engine whistle reverberated in the dismal passage, and I was startled with the singular effect, for at one instant I was sure it came from the north, while a second sound seemed to come from the opposite direction. In fact I soon became so uncertain as to the way the train would approach, that I stood still and watched both entrances. In a very few moments I saw the bright light of the locomotive sweeping round the curve near the northerly mouth, and I felt relieved, for the train was on the other track. But the unearthly noise of the rapidly moving cars was enough to terrify even a stout heart.

"While watching the passing train, I suddenly became aware of another train entering the tunnel from the opposite direction. Escape seemed impossible. Both tracks were occupied, and I knew if I lay down upon the middle of the track, the "cow-catcher" would inevitably tear me to atoms. I thought of the trench outside of the track, and sprang across the rail to throw myself down in it, but as the beam of the engine light came rushing towards me, I found there was not room. Why my wits did not desert me has always been a wonder, for I felt that I had but a second or two more to live, and would be killed in a most horrible manner; but a merciful Providence directed my eyes to an unusually large cavity in the wall, caused by a blast near a seam, and with the rapidity of thought, I sprang into it, and pressed my back against the rocks. The cars rushed by, and so close that the wind caused by their motion blew off my hat, and a few that were an inch or two wider than the rest rubbed my clothing, as I afterwards saw by the marks. Oh! my friend," said the Captain, placing his hand, which was like ice from agitation, upon mine, "if you knew the agony of those moments. The suspense—the hope of escape, and the terror lest some car a little wider than the rest should drag me from that shallow cavity and crush me—the bewildering, rushing, crushing noise of that fearful train, and the interminable time it seemed to take to pass by, you would not wonder that I cannot even now pass through that tunnel, although safely in my car, without a shudder, and a prayer of thankfulness to Providence for not forsaking me in those trying moments."

The Captain was silent for several minutes, and I did not speak to him for I was deeply impressed by his story.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Inez Lopez was left alone, she sat down with that stunned feeling which comes after a severe mental shock. She tried to recall every word uttered by the insidious lips of Nina, and as she remembered the passionate and excited manner of the girl, she could not doubt that of herself she had spoken the truth—spoken from the depth of bitterness that Godfrey Fenton's treachery had stirred within her heart.

Inez thought that she could have forgiven him for carrying on a flirtation with an attractive girl while in college, from which nothing serious was intended to ensue; but she then felt as if it would be impossible to pardon him for concealing from herself the fact of his engagement to another. He must have been bound in honor to that one, yet he had sought her love as though it were the most precious of earth's possessions to him.

Mr. Lopez continued to sleep heavily for many hours, and after composing herself sufficiently to underjake the task she meditated, she went into her own apartment, and, with a trembling hand, sat down to reply to Fenton's last letter.

It lay upon her portfolio, and she took it up with a feeling of faint sickness, and read over again the tender and passionate outpouring of feeling she had lately believed as genuine as the affection she had bestowed on him. Her lips curled bitterly when she came to that portion in which he urged on her the necessity of coming to an understanding with her aunt as to what she was to do for her in the event of their marriage, and she murmured:

"Oh, how could I have been so blind, so easily deceived? Nina Gordon is right—but for the prospect of wealth before me, he would never have asked me to become his wife. Yet he seemed so earnest—so truly attached to me, that it is hard to distrust him, even after such evidence of his want of faith. I will not condemn him unheard; from his own hand shall come the confirmation of what has been told me, or I will refuse to believe it."

She took up her pen, and rapidly wrote a succinct statement of all that had occurred, (as to Godfrey,) between Mrs. Hawks, Nina and herself; informing her lover that Mrs. Hawks would probably leave her but a slender annuity, and might bequeath the bulk of her property to Nina, in which case, he (Godfrey) "could perhaps yet win Miss Gordon for his wife." She concluded by saying:

"If this is so, you need reply to me but in three words, and the seal will be set upon your own dishonor. Never again will I listen to a word from you, nor read a line from your hand; but if you *can* prove these assertions to be calumnies I will gladly believe in your defence.

"I shall direct this letter to Quebec, and I hope it will be fortunate enough to find you there, as you cannot too soon be informed of what has happened here to-day. INEZ."

Having accomplished this painful task, Inez gathered together the precious memorials of Godfrey Fenton's love—his letters, a ring he had given her, and a lock of his soft, lustrous hair, and placed them in a secret drawer of her desk. She then took from her neck a fine gold chain, from which was suspended a locket containing his miniature; but she would not open the case to indulge herself with a single glance at the beloved face lest it might unnerve her for the duties of the evening; for, in spite of her own suffering, Inez thought with pity of her father's chagrin when her blighted prospects should become known to him.

Mr. Lopez had formed a strong attachment for Fenton, and she knew that he indulged the hope that through him such brightness as his own life might yet know was soon to come in the shape of a more comfortable home, and social intercourse with those from whom he had hitherto held himself aloof.

After bathing her face to remove all traces of emotion from it as far as possible, she went out to Nora to order her father's late dinner, and with her own delicate hands prepared an omelette which she knew he particularly liked.

By this time Dick had returned with the carriage, and after setting the table in her father's room, Inez called on the driver to wheel his chair softly back to his own apartment. She hoped that the motion would arouse him from the lethargy into which he had fallen, and such, in fact, was its effect.

Mr. Lopez dreamily opened his eyes, and asked:

"Where are you taking me? Not back to hear that d——l's chorus that I came away to get rid of, I hope. If the Hawk is still in my nest, I decline occupying the room at the same time. We are not 'birds of the same feather,' and a battle always takes place when we come together."

"Dear papa," said Inez, from the back of his chair, "my aunt has been gone some time. Hereafter, I think, perhaps, it will be best for me to visit her at Newport, in place of her coming here."

"With all my heart, for I am sure the sight of her cross old face is enough to make my eyes ache. She is no more like your mother than if they were not of the same blood. Susie was fair as a snow-drop, and gentle as a woman should be if she is true to the nature God meant to implant in her."

Dick placed his chair opposite the open window through which the evening air was wafted, and Inez hastened to draw up the table, and summon her handmaiden to serve the delicate repast which had been prepared for him.

To this Mr. Lopez did ample justice, but with much effort did Inez force herself to swallow a few morsels when her father noticed her want of appetite. She accounted for it by saying that she had taken luncheon with her aunt not very long before, and he laughed, and said:

"Her lunch and your dinner. Her hours and yours don't agree any better than her temper and mine. So I missed the tempting meal you prepared, for no doubt you gave the old girl the best that was to be had."

"Yes, I tried to please her; but what was set before her was no better than what is now before you."

"I can easily believe that, for you are an inimitable housekeeper and a most dainty caterer for a sick appetite, I must say. But this haphazard way of living can't last much longer, Inez; my dear boy will soon be coming back to us, and then we must force some kind of settlement from your aunt that will enable us to live more like people of our station should."

By this time the servants had left them alone, as it was the habit of Inez to wait on her father at meals, ringing the bell when they were over for Nora to remove the things.

As he spoke thus, Lopez looked up at her, and for the second time that day the sad expression of her face struck him forcibly. He hastily said:

"Something *has* happened to vex you, child, and you are concealing it from me. What did that old catamaran say to you this morning? I insist on knowing; she is always badgering one or the other of us, but I'll find means to pay her out yet, crippled as I am, see if I don't."

Inez gravely replied:

"Yes, papa, I have something to tell you, but we will wait till the table is cleared. We cannot speak freely together till then."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to submit to be ruled by you as I always am. But when the things are taken away, I shall expect the whole truth, mind you."

She sighed softly as she repeated.

"Yes, the whole truth, though I am afraid that you will not like it."

"That's as it may be; I choose to know it at any rate."

When the cloth was at last removed, Nora unbidden placed a chess-board and men upon the table, as the evening amusement of Mr. Lopez was playing that game with his daughter. He always insisted on being the victor, and Inez good-naturedly allowed it, though she was much the best player of the two. His sources of enjoyment were narrowed down to so few, that she could not deny him the triumph of conquering her in their mimic trials of skill, much as it sometimes tested her forbearance to do so.

She began mechanically to arrange the pieces, but no sooner had the door closed on the Irish girl than Mr. Lopez pushed the board away, and leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes searchingly on his daughter, and said:

"Now, I am quite ready for what you have to say, Inez. Begin, if you please, with what passed between yourself and your aunt this morning."

After a slight effort to steady her voice, Inez recounted to him as precisely as possible all that Mrs. Hawks had said, and without allowing herself to pause between them, went on to the occurrences of the later part of the day.

She told him enough of what had passed between Nina and herself to enable him to come to his own conclusions as to the guilt or innocence of the man they had both so highly estimated. Her father often interrupted her with exclamations of incredulity, or anger, but when she had finished her painful recital, he struck his hand so violently upon the table as to set the chess men spinning in every direction, and said:

"I'll never believe it! never! It's a shameful lie hatched up between your precious aunt and that young serpent, who I begin to believe is ready enough to undertake anything that will please a rich woman like old Hawks. I hope you won't credit them, Inez, or write to Godfrey as if you mistrust him. He loves you, child; I know he does, and if there is any sham about him, it was acted towards that infernal girl—never, never with you. What if he did flirt with her? there was no harm in that. All college students have such experiences in their verdant days, and are none the worse for them afterwards. The girl, no doubt, did all she could to attract him, and now she asks you to cast him off because she couldn't entrap him into marrying her. I know something of life, Inez, and of men, and if ever true love was felt for a woman, I know that Godfrey Fenton feels it for you in all its depth and intensity."

"I thought so too, papa," was the subdued reply, "but it seems that he has no right to love me. You overlook the worst feature of the case, his previous engagement to Miss Hastings."

"Miss Fiddlesticks! That young tigress has wrought that part of the story out of her own fertile brain. I shall not credit a syllable of it, nor should you. Upon my word, if you allow yourself to be cheated out of such a husband as Fenton will make, you'll not deserve to find one at all. He is the noblest, most whole-souled fellow breathing, and I insist that he shall have fair play, in spite of all these malicious women can say against him."

"That is my wish too, papa, and I have already written to him telling him the whole story, and asking him to defend himself, if it is in his power to do so. I would not condemn him unheard."

"I hope that your letter has not been sent to the office, for I wish to add a few lines to it myself, telling Godfrey how utterly I disbelieve the whole thing. I shall invite him to come here at once, and face his enemies."

"It is too late to do that, for Dick took my letter to town while we were at dinner. I thought it best to send it off before speaking with you, lest you might wish me to delay a little. I cannot live in this suspense. I must know what is to be known as soon as possible. I have given Mr. Fenton the opportunity to defend himself, and if he cannot do that, all must end between us."

Her father looked at her with rage and amazement contending for the mastery.

"You say that very coolly, but your white face, and heavy eyes, tell their own tale. I tell you, Inez, that the loss of this man's love will break your heart, and wreck the last hope in life that remains to me. Look at me—think of what I have borne, and remember what Fenton has become to me; what he promises to do for us both; and then, if you *can*, say again that all shall be over between you. It shall not be; you shall marry him yet, and get back your poor mother's portion. It has been unfairly withheld from you too long already, and I will find means to make old Hawks disgorge her plunder. Oh! you needn't look at me in that way, for I am terribly in earnest."

Inez arose, knelt down before him, and placing her bowed head upon his knee, she tremulously said:

"Papa—darling papa, don't pain me by such violence. I cannot bear it. Be gentle with your poor Inez, for she needs kindness this night more than she has ever done before in her whole life. I have done what I thought right, and we must leave the issue in the hands of a higher power."

Lopez reverently made the sign of the cross on her pale brow, and then more gently said:

"God knows I think more of your happiness and welfare than of my own; but it angers me to see your faith in a true man tampered with, and unsettled by those two women who came here to-day bent on an errand of mischief. I only wish that Fenton had a fortune of his own; for he would soon show them then that your aunt's money was not what he was thinking of when he sought you. He has always known that there are strong doubts as to your getting much of it, and he only asked for enough from her hordes to enable him to marry you at once, without danger of all of us coming to want. Till lately I would have compromised with Mrs. Hawks for five thousand a year; but now, I will not do that. We will have half, and the balance at her death. Get up, child, and sit on this ottoman at my feet, for I have something very strange to tell you."

Inez silently obeyed him, wondering what new fantasy had taken possession of his mind, for his thoughts often wandered strangely. She looked up at him in the gathering twilight, and saw from the glitter of his eyes, and the nervous trembling of his lips, that he was greatly excited.

He presently went on:

"Opium is a strange thing, and it puts odd notions in my head sometimes, but its use exalts the perceptive powers, and brightens the faculties to an almost supernatural degree; at least, that is my experience of its effects. Of late, while under its influence, I have had remarkable visions, one of which comes back to me so often and so clearly, that it must have some significance. I have often tried to remember if your mother ever told me of a hiding place for papers in the library at Oakland, but I do not think she ever did. Besides, what I am going to tell you, she could hardly have known till she met her father in the spirit land, and he communicated it to her."

"Poor papa," thought Inez, "his mind is weakening day by day, and he will soon live more among the phantoms evoked by that dreadful drug than among the realities that surround him."

She assumed an interested look, and Lopez went on:

"I see that you are listening to me; that you will hear the strange revelation I have to make without trying to convince me that there is nothing in it. Inez, of late your mother has often been with me when I sleep. I have seen her in all her early beauty, before the hand of disease marred her soft girlish loveliness, for she was a charming creature when we first met. I did not cherish her as tenderly as I might, perhaps, for there is little of softness in my nature, but I loved her with the selfish fervor of such temperaments as mine. I adored her, yet I would not control my passionate and jealous nature, and I made her wretched. She never gave me cause to doubt her devotion to me, yet I could not bear that she should give one smile or a courteous word to any other man, and I forced her to give up the society in which she found appreciation, to live alone for the husband whose moody temper made her life a torment."

He paused, and Inez tearfully exclaimed:

"Don't tell me of such things, papa! Why should you abase yourself before your own child? and accuse yourself of greater wrongs than I am sure you could have committed."

"Because some explation is demanded of me, I suppose. I don't know what prompted me to go into these painful details, for that was not what I intended to say. However, as I have commenced my self-accusing confession, I will go on to the end. I took my wife to my secluded plantation home in Cuba, where not a soul came near her that could speak her own language, save myself and the woman who nursed you. There you were born, and my poor Susie's health failed so rapidly that the doctors said she must return to her native air.

"I bought this place and brought her here for the summer, but we received no company, and it was the lack of human sympathy, of the social enjoyments I denied to her, that was slowly sapping the springs of life. The words of her father were proving true; he said to her when he refused his consent to our union——"

"That jealous demon will break your heart, and I will not give you to him."

"See how well the old man understood me—how literally his words were fulfilled! Inez, I saw your poor mother fading hourly before my eyes, yet I would not summon around her those who might have saved her. I was not a popular man in society myself, and I could not bear to see her surrounded by others, and amused by them, while I was left to the indulgence of my own morose humor. But I was bitterly punished, for I think she grew melancholy mad before she died——"

Inexpressibly shocked, the poor girl cried out in anguish:

"Why should you tell me this? Why foreshadow the fate I may learn to fear as my inheritance. Oh, father, have you no pity for me?"

He cynically repeated:

"Pity?—yes—I do more than pity you, Inez; I mourn over your lonely lot—your broken fortunes, even more than over the loss of health and strength to myself. I hardly know why I give you these wretched details, but something forces me to do it.

"Remorse drove me to the dissipation that wrecked me in every way. For years after her death I beheld your mother's image ever before me, looking just as I had last seen her on earth—wan, wasted, broken-hearted. But that phase passed away, and since my affliction she comes to me only as a spirit of light, clothed in the beauty of the radiant sphere to which she now belongs. In my dreams she speaks with me—consoles me for my sufferings, in her own angelic way. That is why the drug I take is so precious to me; for no sooner am I completely under its influence than my guardian angel is beside me, breathing peace and comfort into my soul.

"Well, my dear, after all this preamble, I have come to what I set out to tell you. Of late, Susie speaks only of you and your future. Twice she has distinctly told me that her father's last will is still in existence; she says that it was concealed by Mr. Horton, lest it should be destroyed, and it is still in the old house at Oakland.

"She minutely described an octagon room lighted by four narrow windows, which was added by Mr. Horton to the house, and used by him as a library. In the spaces between the windows, book shelves are placed, and behind the highest row of books in the case, on the left side of the door as you go in, close examination will disclose a spring concealed under the edge of the shelf.

"If that is firmly pressed on, the wall will slide down, leaving a narrow cavity exposed, and in that is concealed your grandfather's last will. He intended to write to Susie, send her his forgiveness and inform her of its hiding place, but death anticipated him, and he would not confide his intentions to me. The instrument under which Mrs. Hawks claims the estate was executed in the height of his anger at Susie's elopement with me, but that was cancelled by one made subsequent to your birth."

Inez listened to these circumstantial details with vivid interest, though she could put but little faith in them as revelations from the world beyond. She thoughtfully said:

"It is very strange that such a dream should have come to you; and you say that it has been repeated, papa?"

"Yes, and each time with the same clearness and precision of detail; but when I ask, 'how am I to get possession of the will?' the answer always is, 'that remains for Inez to accomplish, for you can do nothing yourself.'"

"For me! Oh! what could *I* do toward carrying out anything as intangible as a dream? Dear papa, your mind has dwelt so constantly on this subject that your sleeping visions have unconsciously been influenced by it; but there can really be nothing in it."

Lopez curtly replied:

"Don't be a simpleton, Inez, and turn coward when you should be most courageous. This mission is delegated to you, and by you it must be fulfilled. What adds to my confidence in the truth of my vision is that such a room exists at Oakland. I was received in it by your grandfather when I asked his consent to the marriage of his younger daughter with myself, which was refused on no other ground than my foreign birth and the faults of temper he had remarked in me. A scene of bitter anger and recrimination ensued, and I avenged the insult he offered me by inducing his pet and darling to forsake him and link her destiny with mine. The old man never recovered from the blow. His health failed him, and he spent several years in travelling. I believe that the news of Susie's death gave the last blow to him; for, not very long afterwards, he was found dead in his bed when they went to arouse him in the morning.

"Mrs. Hawks took everything; but then I did not care, for your mother had been so recently taken from me that I had no thought to bestow on the injustice which had been done to you. It was not till after I lost my own fortune that I awoke to the wrong from which you were to suffer. I opened a communication with Mrs. Hawks, who had recently married, and she replied to it by sending me a copy of the will which gave the whole of her father's property to herself.

"Things went worse and worse with me, and finally I came here to take shelter; by that time Hawks was dead, and your aunt Eunice a childless widow. I again appealed to her, and the only result was to wring from the stingy old creature the miserable pittance on which we have since lived. Your aunt and I never liked each other, and, I believe, it was her influence that poisoned her father's mind against me, and prevented him from accepting the overtures of reconciliation your mother persisted in making as long as she lived."

He paused, and with some effort Inez said:

"It is a very sad story; but unless my aunt chooses to right the wrong that has been done, I cannot see how it is to be remedied. How *I* am to get possession of the will I cannot see, even if such a thing is in existence. I should not even know how to seek the paternal home of my mother."

"You can easily learn that much. Oakland lies on the Narragansett shore, not above fifty miles from here. On it is a square brick house, with a tower at the western angle, and in that is the library of which I have spoken. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Hawks has never lived there, and the place has been rented, together with the farm lands attached to it.

"So firm is my conviction that the will is concealed in the place indicated by my dream that I insist that you shall visit Oakland, obtain access to the library, and make an effort to gain possession of the will."

"But how am I to do that, papa? Do you know anything of the people who occupy the place? If you are not acquainted with them, under what pretext could I intrude into their house?"

"'Where there's a will there's a way,' says the proverb, and a wise one it is, especially in this case. I do not know much of the tenant, but enough to answer your purpose. He is an ordinary farmer, with so small a family that he requires but two of the rooms in the rear of the house to live in. The others are shut up, with much of their furniture still in them. The library has scarcely been used since Mr. Horton's death, for neither Eunice nor her husband had much taste for books, and I don't think Wilkins, the tenant, likely to meddle much with your grandfather's collection."

"I visited the place once after he took possession, and found him to be a good, practical farmer, but surprisingly ignorant and careless about everything else for a Yankee. You know they think a man is next to nothing unless he has what the darkies call 'booktionary larning.' Somebody said 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' I suppose Wilkins took this to heart, and, as he had not time to acquire a good stock of the article in question, he would not risk meddling with it at all. He is a good-natured, primitive fellow, originally from Vermont, and as verdant in some respects as his native hills. When you see him, you will find that my description is what critics call graphic."

"Do you really expect me to go on such an errand as this, papa? How can I leave you so long as it will take me to visit Oakland?"

"Oh! as to that, Nora can be trusted to take care of me for a day or two; and when I tell her that you have gone away on business of mine, she will not attempt to pry into what does not concern her. I have been thinking of this for several days past, and been contriving ways and means to accomplish it, for my heart is set on verifying the truth of my vision. It will take you but two days to go and return, and the announcement of your name, with the addition that you have come to get a rare book from the library for the use of your infirm father, will suffice. Wilkins will not trouble you with scruples or objections, for he knows my near connexion with the Horton family, and he would not dare to refuse you access to any room you wished to visit."

After a thoughtful pause, Inez said:

"I will undertake this strange errand, since you have it so much at heart, papa; but it must be on one condition. You must name some particular book which you know to be in the library, and ask permission of my aunt to have it brought away. Unless she gives an order in writing, I scarcely think the man in charge of the place would be justified in allowing me to remove one."

"What if he didn't, so your object was gained by getting into the library. *That* is what you have to do, and you must linger there till you have an opportunity to examine the shelf behind which the spring is situated. That once found, the rest is easy. If the will is there, you can easily conceal it about your person, and nobody be the wiser."

"Well, dear papa, we will speak further of this to-morrow, and then we can decide what is to be done. Shall I light the lamp, and have our game of chess before tea is brought in?"

"Certainly, child, and we'll have more games than one, for I feel quite fresh after my nap to-day."

He did not notice the wan and we[illegible]shed face opposite to him, the eyes glistening wi[illegible]xible tears, and the tremulous motion of t[illegible]ing the lips as she bent over the board, r pieces often at random, but still playing well enough to interest him deeply.

It was late when they separated for the night, and when Inez kissed him, and left him to the care of Dick, the only comment he made on her appearance was:

"How pale you are, child. Don't let all this worry about Godfrey prey on your spirits. *He* is all right, be sure of that, my girl."

Inez would have given much to be able to believe him, but she dared not. Worn out as she was, she could not sleep till toward dawn, and when she awoke a low fever hung about her which she would not acknowledge, though it sapped her strength from hour to hour, till she could no longer sustain herself, and was forced to take to her bed, and have a physician called in.

Dr. Minturn said she had received a severe mental shock from which her nervous system was suffering, and he prescribed sedatives, and recommended perfect repose of mind and body; as if the first would not seethe and riot in its misery, however passive the last might be.

Lopez chafed and worried over this delay in making the investigation he was so anxious about, but there was no help for it. Inez was too much indisposed to leave home, and he had the superstitious belief that to her alone must be entrusted the recovery of the important document on which her future prosperity depended.

Inez dispatched to her aunt a few half illegible lines informing her of her inability to go to her, but promising to do so as soon as her health permitted.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dick arrived with the carriage at the hour named for Mrs. Hawks' afternoon drive, and the note of Inez was taken up to her by Mrs. Perkins.

She and Nina were playing backgammon, and the latter was seemingly in the gayest and brightest spirits. Her patroness already began to think her the most charming young person she had ever known, and she blessed the hour that delivered her from the prosy lectures of Miss Briggs, and gave her a companion so congenial in every respect as she found Nina to be.

Mrs. Perkins approached her mistress with a silver waiter in her hand, on which the note of Inez was placed. With a contracted brow, Mrs. Hawks said:

"What does Inez mean by sending an excuse, in place of coming in herself? I am not accustomed to neglect, and she had better look to herself, or things may not go so well with her as she could wish."

Mrs. Perkins hastened to explain that Inez was ill in bed; that Dr. Minturn had been with her, and ordered her to remain perfectly quiet.

"Well, well, that is different from wilful neglect. If she's sick, of course, she can't come; but it is unlucky for her that she should be ill just now. What does she say, Nina? Read the note to me?"

"*Nina*," thought the indignant maid. "I wonder what that familiarity means. Mrs. Hawks never called her companion by her first name before, but this young woman seems to be carrying everything before her. If she only means fair by Miss Inez, it's all right; but if she *don't*, oh, Lor'! it makes me sick to think of what may happen. She's mighty takin' in her ways, for sure, and she can do more with that doited old body there than even I can, after all my years of faithful service."

With intense irritation she waited until Nina opened the note, glanced over the few lines it contained, and then read them aloud to Mrs. Hawks. The latter sniffed, and, with a dissatisfied toss of her head, said:

"It's short [illegible] a word about the state of my health in it. [illegible] the trial I went through yesterday with that brute of a father of hers, it was as little as Inez could do to inquire how I had passed the night, and whether I am better this morning. Oh, my dear, I only wish that my niece had your sensibility to suffering, and your graceful tact in saying just the right thing at the right moment."

Mrs. Perkins would not wait for the reply that rose to Nina's lips. She indignantly said:

"Them that feels most ain't them that always has pretty words to tickle people's ears with. *My* young lady is above sich things, but you'll never find anybody that cares for you so much as Miss Inez does, in spite of all the fine talk. The poor child is broke down with all she has to go through with, and now when she wants some one to comfort her and look after her, you seem ready to turn your back on her and she your sister's own born child too."

At this unlooked-for outbreak Mrs. Hawks opened her eyes so widely that the white ring around them was more conspicuous than ever, and angrily said:

"I will not bear with such impertinence from you, Perkins. You think that you have become so necessary to me that I will not part from you under any provocation; but if this is repeated, I warn you that I shall at least make an effort to get another to fill your place. I have changed companions till I have at last found one to suit me, and I may chance to have as good luck if I determine to change my maid."

"Very well, ma'am, you can make the trial if you choose; but when it comes to nursing a woman afflicted as you are, you won't find many that is either capable or willing to undertake the job. You know how many you had afore I come to you, and how glad you were to get a reliable person to be always near you?"

While she was speaking, Nina took a pencil from her pocket and hastily scribbled a few words on the back of Inez' note. She took Mrs. Hawks' glasses from a table near, and presenting the two to her, spoke in a low but distinct tone to the waiting-woman.

"You are very injudicious, Mrs. Perkins, and such language can only injure the cause you are so anxious to serve. Leave the interests of Miss Lopez in my hands, for they are safest there; and pray do nothing to induce your mistress to believe that you are jealous of the influence I am acquiring over her. It can do no good and may lead to your own dismissal. I should regret that, for I should not know what to do without you if you were sent away. Besides, as we are both interested in the same cause, it will be better that a good understanding should exist between us.'

Mrs. Perkins keenly regarded the fair, open face of the speaker, and then bluntly asked:

"But are we interested in the same cause, Miss Gordon? It seems to me that you are more intent on making your own way in Mrs. Hawks' good graces than in doing anything for my young lady. I begin to fear that the day that brought you to our house was a dark one for Miss Inez."

"Fie! Mrs. Perkins, why will you talk so unseasonably? Is it not necessary to the success of what you have most nearly at heart that I should win the confidence of Mrs. Hawks? I have pledged my word as to the use to be made of my influence and that should satisfy you. Leave me to play my own game, and I shall win this one, if I'm forced to let the old lady be victor in those we play at cards and backgammon."

The witchery of persuasion that dwelt on the lips and in the eyes of Nina Gordon served her turn as deftly as usual. Against the intuitions of her better judgment, Mrs. Perkins was persuaded that Nina was but carrying out their compact, and she more graciously said:

"I'm sorry I spoke so quick like and said what I did about you, Miss Gordon. I hope you mean fair, and somehow I am forced to believe in you when you speak with me; though, at other times, I'm fearful that you are thinking more of yourself than any one else."

"I will tell you the truth, Mrs. Perkins," said Nina, with an air of perfect candor. "I intend to have that will executed before we leave Newport, and it is but fair that I shall be handsomely remembered in it; but I pledge you my word that the bulk of Mrs. Hawks' fortune shall go to her niece. Does that satisfy you?"

"Well y-e-s, I suppose so. A few thousand dollars more or less won't signify where there's so much; and of course you must be paid something for your services."

"Then we understand each other, and you will be more careful how you speak to Mrs. Hawks. We could not afford to part from you on any terms, Mrs. Perkins, for *I* can do nothing but amuse her, and you are the mainstay of the concern. You shall not be forgotten either, I assure you when the old lady comes to make her bequests."

Though chafed and irritated at the patronizing tone assumed by Nina, the woman nodded acquiescence, and Mrs. Hawks, who had by this time read over what Nina had written and also the apology sent by her niece, laid down her glasses and interrupted the conversation of which she had been blissfully unconscious, for Nina stood behind her, and her infirmity prevented her from detecting the low murmur of voices near her.

She sharply said:

"Miss Gordon intercedes for you, Perkins, and, in consideration of that I overlooked what passed here just now. I don't deny that, in many respects, you suit me better than any one I could find to put in your place, but you had better not flare up about Inez every time her name is mentioned. It is injudicious, to say the least of it, for such conduct on your part can't be of any service to her."

"I begin to see that now myself, ma'am, and if you'll excuse me, I'll be more thoughtful in future. I'd be sorry to leave you to a stranger, for no one could understand as well as I do what must be done for you when you are took with one o' your spells."

"Very well—all is right between us again, and you can bring me my drops. Then tell Dick to drive close to the door and be ready when I come down."

The drops were administered, and Mrs. Perkins went on her errand. Nina brought Mrs. Hawks' bonnet and shawls and arranged them on her becomingly, and then donned her own hat, throwing over it a thick veil under the pretext that the sea-breeze would tan her complexion; but she really desired to conceal her features from observation, as she did not wish to be recognized as the companion of Mrs. Hawks when she made her début in the ball-room under the chaperonage of Mrs. Bates.

But her precautions were useless, for they did not join the gay cavalcade that wound along the fashionable drive leading to Fort Adams. At the command of his mistress, Dick turned off into a deserted country road, on which they encountered not a single horseman and but few pedestrians.

Nina would not suffer her vexation to appear, but she had earnestly hoped that she should at least obtain a glimpse of the brilliant stream of equipages of which she had heard so much. Mrs. Hawks said in explanation:

"The bustle and heat are too much for me on the beach, and I never go there. The carriages drive so close too that I am in continual terror lest some awkward fellow may lock wheels with mine and cause a regular stampede. It is wonderful to me that accidents do not oftener happen, for the way the young men dash along is shameful. It looks as if they don't care for their own necks nor those of other people."

"I think it is much pleasanter here," replied the young hypocrite, with her soft smile. "Nothing is more charming to me than a drive through a forest road, with the great trees arching overhead and the sunshine dancing through the leaves upon the green turf below. We can at least hear the distant sound of the surf breaking on the beach and feel the buoyant influence of the sea-breeze, if we cannot see the ocean."

"I see that you know how to make the best of everything, my dear, and such a spirit in a young person is worth untold gold. Now that we are safe away from Perkins, I wish you to tell me if anything passed between you and Inez that could have upset her so. She seemed well enough when she came to see me yesterday morning, and in no danger of an attack of sickness. But she did begin to droop before we left the Glades, and I thought you might have dropped some hint that confirmed what she had refused to believe from me."

Nina looked calmly in her face and replied:

"I did not hint anything to Miss Lopez, Mrs. Hawks, for that would have been a cruel and underhand mode of proceeding that I should have found very repulsive. I found an opportunity while you and her father were sleeping to tell her the whole truth, and I repeated to her, without reservation, all that had passed between you and myself concerning Mr. Fenton."

"And how did she receive it."

"At first, with incredulity; but my manner of telling my story at last impressed her, I could see, and I am sure she ended by believing every word I said. She declared that she would write to him, for from himself alone would she accept a confirmation of my statements. I was satisfied that she should do so, for Mr. Fenton will not dare to deny what he stated to me himself, and his engagement to Miss Hastings seemed to wound her more deeply than the fact that he had once been in love with me. *That* she might have excused as only a thoughtless flirtation, but the other stamped him with deliberate treachery, and your niece seems one of those high-strung young ladies who think more of honor than of any other quality in a lover. I think you may consider the affair as ended, for in my opinion Mr. Fenton will not put forward his pretensions again. He will fully understand that he can never recover the position in the estimation of Miss Lopez that he once held; so he will wisely go back to his own home and claim the hand of the girl who has the best right to him."

"How coolly you talk of this man, toward whom you have acknowledged you once felt so differently," said Mrs. Hawks, fixing her strange eyes inquisitively upon her. "You are stronger than that poor infatuated creature at the Glades, for she is no doubt breaking her silly heart over the worthlessness of a man who seems to make the jilting of thoughtless girls the business of his life."

Nina disdainfully replied:

"Why should I not speak coolly of one who has sunk to the lowest level of contempt in my estimation? I wish to know nothing more of Mr. Fenton or his doings, and I have endeavored to save your niece from becoming the victim of his specious and false words. If she were endowed with fortune, all my efforts might prove fruitless, for I am sure she loves him to that degree that she would listen to his excuses and pardon him for deserting his plighted bride for herself. But unless she has money, and a great deal of it too, Godfrey Fenton will never make the attempt to regain her confidence."

"Then he shall never have that temptation, for I shall make it an express condition in the will I intend to make, that if she marries Mr. Fenton she shall forfeit all I intend to leave her, save an annuity which will barely support her. I think that will be checkmate to him."

"I agree with you, but pray don't talk of making your will, dear madam. There is time enough ages hence for that, for you are looking well and strong enough to live many years yet. I trust you will for my sake, for I begin to cling to you as tenderly as if you stood in the relation to me of the mother I never knew."

She lifted the withered hand of Mrs. Hawks to her lips and softly kissed it. The subtle flattery of this girl rarely failed to reach its mark, and the old lady looked at her more kindly than she often did at anything save her darling Bijou, and said:

"You are an affectionate, sweet creature, Nina, and I only wish that I had such a daughter of my own. While I talk to you I could almost fancy that the days of my youth have come back again, and Anna Moore and I were gossipping together once more. It must be the wonderful resemblance you bear to her that attracts me so strongly to one I have known so short a time."

"It may be that, dear Madam, but when I am sensible of the same attraction toward you, there must be something more in it than that. Don't you believe in the doctrine of affinities? What I mean by that, is, that certain people mutually find in each other that which is most pleasing and attractive to them. The chance which threw you and me together affords an illustration of my theory. I find you most lovable, and you, in your turn, condescend to be pleased with my poor little efforts to win your regard."

Such flattery as this, accompanied by bright smiles and tender looks, was not often offered to the weak and wilful woman left at Nina's mercy, and she accepted it as eagerly as that designing young person could have wished.

She drew Nina toward her at the risk of waking the poodle who was slumbering on her lap, and affectionately said:

"You are a sweet, darling creature, and I can never thank Mrs. Bates sufficiently for giving me the opportunity of knowing you. Stay with me as long as I live, Nina; become the child of my affections, and I promise to do the part of a good mother by you. I have no one to love me, for Inez is wrapped up in that selfish old father of hers, and thinks me nothing in comparison with him. If she had shewn for me half the affection that you have, I would have done anything for her. I believe that I could even have given my consent to her marriage with that young Fenton, and given her money enough to make it worth his while to take her, but she was not permitted to attach herself to me. Her father hates me, and he has taught her to distrust me, so that we do not get along together as aunt and niece should."

"Let me repay you for her indifference," said the pleading voice of Nina, which seemed endowed with the magic power of penetrating the dulled ears of the deaf woman, for she understood every word spoken to her by those subtle tones. "I have none to love me; I have been cast upon a cold, unsympathizing world, without ties, that I might find a home in your tender heart. Is it not so, my dear and valued friend?"

"Yes—henceforth your home shall be with me; and in return for your devotion to my happiness, I will give you a mother's care; and when I die, Nina, you will find that I have not forgotten you. That is, it shall be so, if you continue to be as necessary to me as I begin to find you."

Nina understood perfectly what the last reservation meant. She was to be a slave to Mrs. Hawks' caprices as long as her services were needed, and if she still continued to please her by her unsparing flatteries, she might hope to regain her reward by rivalling Inez, and securing to herself the fortune of her patroness.

She was satisfied with such success as had attended her manœuvres, and felt with elation that the prospect was brightening before her. With her finesse, and Mrs. Hawks' susceptibility to flattery, she doubted not the result of the daring scheme she had formed. In what had just passed between them, she discovered what she had not before suspected; that this hard and imperious woman shared that craving for affection which is common to all humanity, and through this weakness, as Nina considered it, she saw her way cleaaly to the goal she proposed to win.

On their return, when the carriage came to a cross road that led to the Glades, Mrs. Hawks suddenly said:

"We have time enough to call, and see how Inez really is. Speak to the driver, my dear, and tell him to turn off toward the Glades. I did think that I would not go there again, but since Inez is sick, I must see for myself what is the matter with her."

The order was given, and they soon drew up in front of the desolate looking old house. Nina took Bijou in her arms, and assisted Mrs. Hawks to alight and ascend the flight of stone steps leading to the portico.

The hall was deserted, but through the open door of Mr. Lopez' room they saw him in his chair, playing with Don Bobtail. The cat rubbed his glossy fur against his master's breast, put his paws upon his shoulder, and made that purring noise which indicates satisfaction and enjoyment in the feline species. When he caught sight of the visitors, he demurely perched himself upon his master's knee, and furtively eyed the poodle, though he seemed evidently on his good behavior to-day.

Mr. Lopez seemed surprised at the appearance of his visitors—he had heard the approach of the carriage, but supposed it was only returning from the usual afternoon drive to Newport.

Before he could speak, Mrs. Hawks exclaimed:

"There is that spotted monster again, and I know he is only watching an opportunity to pounce upon my poor Bijjir again, and tear his eyes out. Cover him over with your handkerchief, Nina, and shield him in your arms."

Mr. Lopez waved his hand, and suavely said:

"I am happy to see you in my poor house, ladies, and I assure you, Eunice, that you need fear no attack on your pet from Don Bobtail to-day. He has just been asking me to apologize for his rudeness yesterday, and I hope you will forgive him for his inhospitable reception of your poodle when they last met."

"Forgive him, indeed! when he scratched darling Bijjir's nose, and the poor creature has not recovered his spirits since. He—he is trembling with fear now, and I insist that your cat shall be banished from the room while I am here."

With an air of mock resignation Mr. Lopez said:

"Summon Dick to the rescue then, if you please, Miss Gordon. The Don is fond of him, and will go with him without resistance. I am really sorry, Eunice, that our pets are so antagonistic to each other. I am afraid that they take their cue from their respective owners, for somehow it always happens that you and I get at cross purposes when we meet."

"If we do, it is not *my* fault. Call Dick, Nina, and tell him to remove that wretch, but don't you trust Bijjir out of your own keeping a single moment, even after he's gone. There is no knowing at what moment he may rush back and make an effort to exterminate the darling fellow."

Nina hastened to obey, and Don Bobtail, looking very dignified, and a little cross, was taken away in the custody of the driver. When this was accomplished, Mr. Lopez turned to his sister-in-law, and said:

"You came to inquire after Inez, I suppose. After doing all that was in your power to make her miserable, you have come to see how well you have succeeded. Well, you will have the satisfaction of finding that your work is pretty well done. Inez is completely broken down; she has not been able to sit up to-day, and Minturn says that she has received a severe mental shock from which she may be a long time recovering."

"I declare this passes all that has gone before," cried Mrs. Hawks, in a rage, for he had spoken so loudly and distinctly, that she had perfectly understood him. "You suffered your daughter to form a marriage engagement with a man of whom you know next to nothing, and when he is found out to be unworthy of her, you coolly throw the blame on me. The man is a wretch! a male flirt! a deceiver! Inez knows this, yet she is breaking her heart over him. The more fool she, I say."

With perfect coolness Mr. Lopez replied to to this outburst:

"The world is filled with people of that stamp, Mrs. Hawks, as *you* above all women should know. My daughter does not profess to be a phenomenon of wisdom, but she should have sense enough to know that the tale of a jealous rival is not always worthy of belief."

He fixed his black, glittering eyes full on Nina, but without any appearance of anger, she said:

"I understand you perfectly, Mr. Lopez, but all I ask of you is to suspend your judgment till your daughter has heard from her lover. I spoke only for her good; not from any feeling of bitterness on my side. Mr. Fenton is now no more to me than the merest stranger."

"Then, by Heaven! you had little to do, to come here and poison my daughter's mind against as true a gentleman as lives. I won't believe a word of this nonsense, and if Inez were as wise as she ought to be, she would not either."

In a resigned tone, Nina replied:

"I am willing to rest under this cloud till Mr. Fenton has spoken in his own defence. If he denies what I have asserted; if he can prove that I have slandered him, I am willing to bear the burden of your most bitter anger. Till then, I entreat that you will give me credit for harboring no evil intention toward Miss Lopez in acting as I have done."

With a sneer he was at no pains to conceal, he said:

"You are very fair and very winning, no doubt, Miss Gordon; but I have seen women like you before to-day, and, short as our acquaintance is, I begin to see through you. I believe that while under the influence of opium I yesterday said something to you which I wish to retract to-day. Inez will need no assistance from you in the affair I mentioned, and my offer of an annuity to you for certain services is withdrawn."

"So much the better, sir," was the calm response, "for I had made up my mind to reject your bribe. My dear old friend shall do with her own as pleases her best, without any interference from me. I can excuse what you have said to me to-day, for the expression of your eyes assures me that you are still under the influence of that pernicious drug."

He glared on her, but Mrs. Hawks here broke in; she had vainly watched the motions of the speaker's lips to give a clue to what was passing between them, and, finding herself baffled, angrily asked:

"What are you saying to each other? and why do you look as if you were ready to fight a duel?"

Nina spoke close beside her ear in reply:

"Mr. Lopez is only complimenting me on my sharpness in bringing to light the baseness of the man who aspires to become the husband of his daughter."

"By Jove! your coolness beats anything I ever saw!" exclaimed Lopez; but luckily at that moment Nora came in, bearing a message from Inez, requesting her aunt to go to her room, and an apology to Miss Gordon for declining to receive her. Nina flitted from the apartment, as she had no desire to fight another battle with her ungracious host, and the elder lady rustled out after the girl.

In another moment, Mrs. Hawks was standing beside the couch on which her niece reposed, and she was almost startled at the change a few hours had wrought in the fair face of one whose beauty she was really proud.

Inez was almost as deadly white as the cambric wrapper she wore; livid circles were around her eyes, with that expression of restless pain in the dark orbs themselves which proved the truth of the physician's words.

She held out her hand, which was burning with fever, and, with a painful effort to smile, said:

"I am glad to see you, aunt Eunice. I am, as you see, too ill to rise, but I hope that I shall soon be better."

"Don't try to talk, child, for I can't hear a word you say. Your voice seems to have gone away to nothing. It is very provoking that you should get sick just as I came to Newport; but something is always happening to vex me. I wanted you to be friends with Nina, for I have taken such a fancy to her, that I don't know but it may end in my adopting her."

Inez flushed suddenly, and the expression of surprise and pain that came to her face was easily understood by her aunt, if her words were not. She was too faint to talk with one so deaf as Mrs. Hawks, and in a sort of apologetic tone, that lady went on, though she plainly saw the annoyance she was giving:

"There is enough and to spare, you know, to provide for you both handsomely, if I should seriously think of such a thing. I haven't quite made up my mind, but I think it fair to tell you that such a thing is possible. My life is so solitary, and this young girl brightens it so much, that I hourly grow fonder of her. What do you think of this scheme of adopting her, eh, Inez?"

"My brain is too confused to think clearly of anything clearly, aunt. But if you wish to adopt Miss Gordon, of course you will do it without reference to what I may think."

Mrs. Hawks did not catch the meaning of her words, but she saw from the face of her niece that she did not receive this unlooked-for announcement without a pang, and she went on:

"I did not expect that you would like it, Inez, but what am I to do? You won't leave your father to come to me, and I must have something to love. Yes, child, it is so, and you need not look so much amazed. I am a human creature whose heart isn't quite dead yet, and I find it pleasant to have always near me a young girl who, I am sure, is becoming sincerely attached to me for my own sake."

"Poor aunt," sighed Inez, "cut off from nearly all social enjoyment, as she is, no wonder that she pins her faith to that captivating girl, who does all she can to recommend herself to her. I see that she has already rivalled me, but I won't sit up in judgment on her, though I am afraid that self-interest is the basis of all Miss Gordon's pretended affection for this poor, deceived old woman."

She made an effort to raise her voice, and said:

"You are quite right, Aunt Eunice. I cannot leave my father. My first duty is to him, and my heart also prompts me to remain with him. If this young lady can fill the vacancy in your life I shall be glad to know that you have attached yourself to her. She seems a brilliant and fascinating creature."

"Oh! you don't know half her witching ways. She is the best mimic you ever saw, and it would half kill you with laughing to see her take off that fat, pompous Mrs. Bates, who tries to be a fine lady without exactly knowing what is expected of her in that character. It is the richest thing I ever saw. Mrs. Bates is a most absurd person, and Nina can hit off her peculiarities to the life."

"Was it not from her that Miss Gordon received her recommendation to you, Aunt?" asked Inez, significantly.

"Oh! well—yes; but it was only on account of her intimacy with the daughter. She is not bound to spare Mamma Bates, you know, because she is attached to Kitty. She has seen that young swell of a brother, too, and it is wonderful with what precision she copied the Broadway exquisite. I declare, her mimicry is better than any farce I ever saw."

Inez wondered if Mrs. Hawks had no fear that the plastic powers of her attractive companion might be brought into requisition to amuse others at her expense, as she had not scrupled to caricature the friends who had certainly been kind to her; but she feared that her aunt might misinterpret her motives if she pointed out this want of principle in Miss Gordon, and she forbore saying anything more on the subject.

When the theme of Nina's fascinations was exhausted, the visitor arose to depart. She took the hand of Inez in her own, and said:

"Good-bye, child; don't be fretting your heart out about a man that isn't worthy of a thought. I know very well what has brought you down so suddenly, but you'll come round soon and find a lover as clever as Godfrey Fenton to console you for his treachery. There—you need not flush up so, and look so keen out of your great black eyes at me. I am only talking common sense, as you will live to find out yet."

She dropped the hot hand, sailed out of the room, and announced to Mr. Lopez her intention to depart immediately.

Nina had gone out on the portico, where she was trying to establish a truce between the cat and dog. Don Bobtail walked around and around her, eyeing the poodle she held in her arms with benignant forbearance, but all the girl's blandishments could not coax him to rub his soft fur against her dress, and purr as he was accustomed to do around his master.

Mrs. Hawks paused in her exit to say:

"Inez is very feverish. I think you had better send for my physician, for I have very little faith in the homeopathic doctor you employ."

"And let her be poisoned and drugged to death, I suppose," growled the paralytic. "We all have to die some time, but I don't intend to have my fate nor that of my daughter hastened by calomel and quinine, I can tell you. No such horrid doses shall be given to Inez with my consent. She is doing very well. I had my chair wheeled into her room to-day and sat with her some time. I am perfectly satisfied with the treatment she is under."

"Well, you are easily satisfied, is all I have to say; but Inez is your child, and I have no right to interfere about her, if she is my niece. I will bid you good-bye now, though, if you were better tempered, I should be sorry to leave you alone, and I would offer to stop and play a game of chess with you."

"Pray excuse me, ma'am; we should both insist on beating, and the one that had to surrender would be sure to get in a towering passion, so we had better let the chess alone. I have become quite literary in my tastes of late and read a great deal. And that reminds me of something I wish to say to you. The library at Oakland is still as your father left it at his death, I believe."

"Yes, the books have been taken care of by the people who occupy a portion of the house. They are paid a small sum every year to dust and air them, but I never go near the place myself. Do you want any books brought from there?"

"If you will be so kind as to give me an order for a few, I shall be very much obliged to you. Mr. Horton had some rare works which are beyond my purse, but I should like very much to read several of them."

"You are perfectly welcome to as much of the learned rubbish as you choose to send for. I will give you an order on Wilkins to allow your messenger to take away as many volumes as you may desire. Do you wish me to write it now?"

"Thank you, if you please. I cannot tell you how much indebted I am to you."

"Oh, it's a mere trifle, so you need not be so very grateful. The library is of little value to me, and I only keep it together because it was collected by my father. I have not much fondness for books at any rate, and none certainly for the learned tomes he delighted in accumulating."

Mr. Lopez opened a portfolio that lay on the table beside him, dipped a pen in the ink, and presented it to Mrs. Hawks. In a few moments the order was written on which, he firmly believed, so much depended. He put it safely away in his pocket-book and briefly said:

"Thank you, Eunice, I shall remember this kindness, and I hope yet to show you what a grateful return I shall make for it."

He showed the whole of his white teeth when he smiled, and, although she did not understand him, Mrs. Hawks felt that there was some hidden meaning behind his words. What it was she did not pause to consider, but went out to her carriage feeling glad to get away from the sombre house and its afflicted inmates.

On their way home Nina amused her by giving such a laughable travestie of her brother-in-law's manner as was marvellous to behold. By what magic power she made her small teeth assume the menacing appearance of those of Mr. Lopez Mrs. Hawks could not understand, but she enjoyed the effect produced with considerable zest.

The next best thing to quarrelling with her obnoxious brother-in-law was having him made ridiculous by the unscrupulous young creature who spared neither age nor infirmity in her eager search after food for her satirical talent.

When Mrs. Perkins heard that her mistress had visited the Glades a second time without taking her along, her wrath waxed warm again; but Nina smoothed down her ruffled feelings, and brought her into good humor by a few judicious words of flattery, and a made-up message purporting to come from Mr. Lopez and his daughter, to the effect that she would be expected on the following day to visit her nurseling.

Nina took good care that the waiting woman was sent the next day in place of herself to inquire how Inez had passed the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Tact and Talent.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill: talent is weight—tact is momentum: talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it: talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected: talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

—Men are more mindful of wrongs than of benefits.

ROBINSON
ROBERT H. ROBINSON · IMAGINAT

AFTER LONG YEARS OF ABSENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

After long years of absence,
We see that thou art
Still the same in thy mind,
Still the same in thy heart,
With their sunshine that wakened from death all the flowers
That once glittered joy in Humanity's bowers.

Yet thou art the great iron-clad
Heart of the brave,
Gallant still, though the gale
Hurls the ship through the wave:
"Let the tempest strike on; though my man-of-war sink,"
Yet you'd shout, unappalled, at the murderous brink.

Yes, the black storm may whelm you,
But thunders the cry,
'I believe in the Providence
Sent from the sky:
If it slays, then I'll be but as song-hallowed rocks
To destruction hailed down by the great Earthquake-shocks."

Full of glory such souls!
Still, our friend, nobly show
All thy mind's fearless strength,
All thy heart's tender glow:
And we'll pray that thy man-of-war never may sink,
But that roses of health deck the murderous brink.

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SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. IX.

By **SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.**

THE DARKEST HOUR OF MY LIFE.

We up anchor and made sail from Cape Town on the sixteenth of August, and in eight-and-forty hours from that time I began to realize what rough weather was; and by the time we were off Cape Agulhas I did not wonder that the old Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, had given it the name of the "Cape of Storms" (*Cabo Tormentoso*). But Emanuel, the Portuguese king, feeling sure that the much-desired passage to India would be found in that direction, changed the name to that of "The Good Hope;" and when, not long afterwards, Vasco de Gama gave to the hope fruition, the name became significant, and was adopted by all nations. For the space of eight days we had heavy gales and a very rough sea, so that most of the time we were obliged to have life-lines rove fore and aft to assist the men in getting about deck. And during this time Mr. Drake entirely made up for the act of dereliction of which he had been guilty at Cape Town. Capt. Matthews had taken a severe cold while in port, and was not fit to stand his watch; and as Mr. Sanborn was not quite equal to all emergencies, the first mate was on deck most of the time during that boisterous weather, and it is safe to say that no living man could have handled the ship better. It is one thing to sail a ship under ordinary winds, and to "hand, reef and steer" where all is free and clear; and it is quite another to take a heavy ship off a stormy, ugly coast, and carry her safely through when one hour gives no token of what the next is to bring. There are a thousand little things which cannot be written—things which can only be learned by experience—and which, though small in themselves, may either of them, neglected, bear the ship to sure destruction. The man who has charge of a ship under such circumstances does not sleep while the danger lasts. He may nap—he may lie down and close his eyes, but the flapping of a clue will bring him to his feet, and a change in the course, no matter how slight, arouses him. The sound of the tiller-ropes is as a spoken language to him, and as they slide through their blocks he can detect, even in his sleep, if they are suddenly strained. Mr. Drake was one of that class of men, and while duty called him to be on the watch he knew not what it was to be neglectful.

One night while I was on the lookout forward, and while Drake was passing around to see that all was snug before turning in—for it will be remembered that he did not have charge of the watch I was in—he stopped by my side, and spoke of the affair at Cape Town. It was the first time he had mentioned it since the second morning after it happened.

"Beck," said he, with his hand upon my shoulder, "I shall never think of that night without a shudder. I should have killed you if I had caught you. I was mad because you ran away from me; and it was not until I fell that my senses came to me. It wasn't Jack Drake that was giving you chase, but it was a very fiend. I had been drinking hard for three days, and that night the real mania had set in. Yes—I meant to kill you if I could. I can remember very well how the devilish spirit possessed me."

"Never mind," I returned, "it came out all right."

The mate moved as though he would go aft, but he stopped, and laid his hand again upon my shoulder.

"Beck., I have spoken of this thing for a purpose—to warn you. You are young, and life is all before you; and I can see that, if you live, you have it in you to reach the very summit of your profession. Look well to how you tamper with spirit. If, at any time, you find an appetite growing upon you, cast it off as you would a deadly serpent."

And then he went on and gave me several startling passages from his own experience; and when he left me there were big tears upon his cheeks. He had told me how the accursed cup had held him back from promotion—how he had been forced to sail as mate with commanders who were not half so capable as himself, and how his manhood had been blasted.

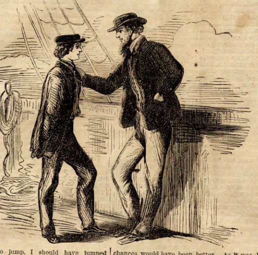
Surely it was a sad picture; and from that hour I loved the man better than before. When he had gone to the cabin, and I had been left alone, I devoutly prayed to Heaven that he might be enabled to abide by the resolution he had made; and he seemed so earnest and so confident, and had such store of experience to guide him, that I prayed with much faith. But—the sequel will show what the end was to be!

Eight days after leaving the meridian of Cape Agulhas, and while in the latitude of Port Natal, an accident befell me which came very near bringing my sailor life to a summary termination. We had not yet reached the region of the South-east Trade Wind, being in the latitude of the North-westerly currents, and were crossing the Southern extremity of the region where, at that season of the year, might be expected those fierce, whirling blasts known as the "Mauritius Hurricanes." The captain had become able to resume his watch on deck, and on the evening of the day above mentioned, it was thought best to shorten sail. The topgallant-sails were furled and the yards sent on deck; the topsails double-reefed, and everything made ready for taking in the courses, and close-reefing if necessary. The starboard watch was on from six to eight; but instead of turning in at that time, I remained up to hear Jo. Long spin one of his yarns.

On the present occasion the boatswain commenced to give us one of his Fairy Tales; and in this connection I will remark that no collection of little children ever listened with more eager and appreciative interest to these simple tales of fairy land than did those old salts.

Jo. commenced to tell of a poor girl who was brought up in a deep, dark forest by a widowed mother, and who was beloved by a handsome youth. The youth was humble and poor, but brave and honorable, and the maiden had promised to be his wife. Then came along a wicked king, who was fascinated by the maiden's beauty, and who sought to steal her away from her home. The king had just made a bargain with two desperate robbers to steal away poor Kitty, when the wind, which had been blowing quite steadily from the North-west, began to haul to the Northward, and Mr. Drake called the watch to the braces. I started to veer away the weather main-brace when Long said to me that I had better keep quiet.

I laughed as I replied that, the quicker we got the yards braced up, the quicker I'd hear the rest of his story. The braces had been belayed, and I was thinking of returning to the gangway, when the wind suddenly died away and the sails began to flap against the masts. I looked over the quarter-rail to see if we were making any headway, which can be detected at night by the phosphorescent sparkling of the water; and as I drew back, my head came in contact with a swab which had been hung upon one of the mizzen back-stays, and my cap was knocked off. Without stopping to think, I jumped upon the rail, and was upon the point of coming back, giving up my cap as lost, when a sharp cry from Drake caused me to turn my head, and I saw the spanker-boom coming towards me. The whiffling wind, helped by a heavy swell, had caught the spanker upon the other side, and the boom was jibing. If I had attempted to jump, I should have jumped against the boom. The only thing I could do was to stoop, and that I did; but I was not quick enough. The ponderous boom struck me upon the shoulder, and I had a sense of being hurled into the air—of flying through a dark space, and of plunging into the water! I cannot tell how long it was—it could not have been many seconds—when I recovered my senses; and my first thought was of the harm I had sustained from the blow of the boom; for, instinctively, I felt that my deliverance must depend, first of all, upon my being able to hold myself above water. For an instant I experienced a thrill of gratitude when I found that the shock had not harmed me. My arms and legs were sound and serviceable, and that was something. My situation was a fearful one—one calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart, but I was not paralyzed. My next thought, after I had assured myself that my limbs were unharmed, was of the precautions I had heard old sailors give to be taken by those who might find themselves overboard at sea. First, to remove my shoes, because they would not only impede the movements of my feet but they were a cumbersome burden. I managed to get them off without the use of my hands. Next, to take off my jacket, and then my frock; for these, though not cumbersome at first, must very soon be as "the last ounce upon the camel's back." These are very simple movements to tell about, but I do assure you they were difficult of accomplishment in the situation in which I then found myself. Dear reader, were you ever overboard at sea? If you were not, then I fear I shall be unable to give you any adequate idea of the sensation. Simply being in the water is but a very small part of it; but when you understand that the seas were heavy—bearing me up and down from crest to trough, full five-and twenty feet at every surge—the breaking tops dashing me under and blinding me every few seconds—now deep down in a dark chasm—now up, up where the wind hurled the spray into my face—when you remember this, you will comprehend that my position at that time was not an enviable one.



It was not until I had succeeded in divesting myself of my heavier articles of clothing that I perceived that which struck a deadly terror to my soul. The puff of wind which had caused the spanker-boom to jibe had been a regular squall, striking the ship abaft the beam, and sending her swiftly away from me. But I could not bestow much attention upon the ship. I knew they would heave her to as soon as they could, and meantime I must look for the life-buoys, for of course they had not forgotten to cast one or more of them overboard. If I could find one, I might hold myself up. If I could not find one—oh! I dared not think of it! How long could I hold out as I was then? Not long! not long! I was growing dizzy and faint, and the salt-water which I had swallowed very soon made me sick.

Hark! I heard the tinkling of a bell! There was a life buoy near me. Our ship had been supplied with two buoys with three brass bells attached to each, and so arranged that not more than two of them could be under water at the same time. I heard the tinkling again—and again; and, when I had made sure of the direction, I struggled that way. Soon I was upon the crest of a mighty wave, when the tinkling again sounded upon my ear; and, on the next instant, I saw a dark object upon the top of the next sea just revealed against the leaden sky. With all my might I struck out, struggling to prevent the sea from bearing me away; and as I began to arise again, I felt a solid substance touch my elbow. I made a grasp, and caught one of the beckets—caught it, and held it,—and the life-buoy was mine! I had strength enough to find the lanyards, and to make them secure, and then I threw myself upon the buoy for rest; for I was so nearly exhausted that a sort of vertigo seized me, and for a time my head swam and I was dizzy and wholly blind. But after a while my senses returned, and I began to breathe quite freely. "Surely," I thought to myself, "there is a Providence in this, and I am not to be forsaken!" I had gained this help at just the moment when it was needed, for I know that I could not have held myself against another of those heavy seas. There is a weakening, dying sensation in sinking so suddenly from the crest to the trough of a heavy sea which I cannot explain. The uprising is nothing. Up, up, up,—away up to the towering summit of a sea—and one takes a struggling breath, the mouth closed against the nauseating flood, and the nostrils filled with water,—and then as the billow sweeps on, down the poor victim sinks, down into the dark, dismal abyss, the heart lifted to the throat, and the brain reeling, while a nameless dread possesses every thought and feeling—a dread of being swallowed up—of sinking, to rise no more! I had borne all I could bear when the buoy came to me; and if this succor had come, should the rest now fail me? It seemed to me then, in the first moments of my deep gratitude, that God had not been thus kind to forsake me in the end.

I had sense enough, after I had lashed myself to the buoy, to keep my mouth and nostrils closed against the water, and as soon as I had recovered somewhat of my sense and strength, I looked for the ship; but I looked in vain. From the summit of the next sea I swept the horizon round about, but her spars did not appear anywhere against the sky. But I would not despair. If the wind had driven her away she would come back. By the log the Captain could tell just where I had been lost, and he could work back to that point in time. But there was one consideration that was fraught with painful longings and most bitter regrets. Had the accident happened later at night my chances would have been better. As it was, I had nearly the whole of the night before me—a night dark and threatening, with every prospect of a gale before morning. If the gale should come before I was discovered, my fate was sealed. Again and again, as I was borne aloft on the tops of the seas, did I stretch my eyes in every direction for a glimpse of the ship; but only the same dull, leaden line met my view, broken by the mazy crests of the heaving billows, which were bearing me further and further away from the point where I had fallen.

In that hour I thanked God that my mother had taught me to pray, for I could now, in my mortal danger, raise my supplicating voice to Heaven without the coward's fear, and without hypocrisy. O! how I prayed that the ship might come in sight! Even were I to die, it would be a relief to rest my gaze once more upon the grand old spars and sails of my Ocean home.

"Thank God, O my soul!" I cried, as a dark jagged mass appeared between me and the horizon. Down again into the dark chasm; and when the next sea bore me aloft I saw the top-hamper of the ship, and I thought she was standing towards me. I cried out at the top of my voice—cried until I sank into the gulf,—and then waited for the next view.

But if I thanked God when I saw the ship, the reader may imagine what my sensations of hope and praise must have been when, upon coming to the top of the next wave, I heard my name pronounced in eager, lusty tones. I saw that the ship had a light at her masthead, and nearer to me I saw a dim glare, as though a torch, or a lantern, were just being swallowed up in the sea. It was a boat just sinking into the trough. It must have been that. I sent back an answering shout, and then down I went. When next I came up, the glare of a torch flashed into my eyes, and upon the very billow before me I saw the boat, and the forms of stout men bending to their oars. I shouted, and they heard me; and as I plunged down into the deep trough the glad huzzas of my shipmates sounded in my ears. I was rising—rising slowly and steadily—upon the bosom of the rolling mass of water, when I felt something strike my shoulder and grate upon my side. I put forth my hand and found it to be a rope. I seized it and caught a turn around my right arm, and then shouted with all my might; and while yet the shout was upon my lips I looked down from my perch upon the crest of the sea, and saw the boat in the trough below me.

There was a shock—a plunging as though I had been knocked backward from the summit of the sea—a sense of pain—a ringing in my ears, mingled with the sound of confused voices—another shock—confusion a thousand times confused—a sickening, dizzy sensation—a whirling of the brain as though my head were a top—a sinking, sinking, sinking,—and then came a sense of icy coldness through every part, and all was dark and silent. It seemed to me that I was sinking down into the ocean, and the thought came to me with a touch of calm repose—This is death!

When I came to myself I was in the ship's cabin, and our old cook, Bob Norse, was bending over me. I heard a terrific uproar, and I felt that drops of water were striking upon my face. I was sore and stiff, and my whole body ached. As soon as I recognized the fixtures of the cabin, and the parchment-like features of our cook, I raised myself to a sitting posture, when I realized that the old ship was being hurled about in the most reckless and uncouth manner.

"How is it, Beck., my boy?"

Yes—it was Bob's voice, and I was safe.

"Bob, how long have I been here?"

"Not over half an hour."

"And what is the matter on deck?"

"We've been struck by one o' them Mauritius hurricanes. By the piper o' Moses, my boy, but you're a lucky dog! S'posin' you'd been in the water now, eh?"

I gazed a moment into the cook's face—then listened to the dread voice of the howling tempest, and heard the sea breaking in fury over the stout ship,—and then I reverently folded my hands, and thanked God for his infinite mercy!

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SOCIETY.—No one living in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you, or tears you to pieces.

KINKS.

Of all the absurd kinks for a resident in New York is the dislike of living in a house that has been occupied by another person. No wonder you laugh. I laugh at it myself, though "on the wrong side of my mouth," as my irate school-ma'am used to say, when she boxed my ears for talking over to the boys' benches. That propensity has never been boxed out of me to this day—but that's a chapter by itself. I tell you I hate to live in a house anybody else has lived in; not on account of the creeping things they may have bequeathed me, but I get nervous going through the different rooms, and imagining the tales they *might* tell, if walls could speak. I want to sleep in a room that nobody has died in, or been born in, which is a great deal worse. I don't want to breakfast in a room where a drunken husband has thrown a china cup at his wife's head, although his inspiration for that chivalrous act, may have been the best champaigne. I don't want a dining-room where men have rejoiced over the exclusion of the women of the family, in order that they might bestialise themselves on topics, that women would blush to hear. I don't want scarlet fever to have been rampant in one chamber, and measles, and mumps, and small-pox, and delirium tremens, up stairs and down. I don't want my food cooked in a kitchen, which has furnished silver spoons, and little babies for the ash-barrel. I don't want my refrigerator in a cellar, where Biddy has tapped wine and ale, and administered other delicacies to her "broth of a boy."

I hope you see from this what a blessing it is to have a lively imagination, and how I must enjoy stopping at a hotel. Heavens! how long I have lingered beside a hotel bed before I could jump into it! Think of the men, women and children who have slept there before me! The dusty beards that have been reflected in that looking-glass, and been washed in that bowl! The trousers and dresses that have been hung in that wardrobe! Oh, those Mormon pegs! how can I ever join the community? Perish the thought! my clothes shall be laid over the backs of the chairs; not for their superiority in any respect, or that of their wearer, but, Lord bless you, it is one of my kinks.

Haven't I a right to it? I know a man who believes the road to a poor-house is through a carriage. He will give his wife and daughters money for every thing but that. He will let them each get new suits of clothes drenched through, and quite spoiled, rather than spend a quarter of what one of them cost, by hiring a carriage to take them home in a rain shower. That's *his* kink. But that again is a chapter by itself. What I suffer at the promiscuousness of hotel feeding! That napkin! clean, snow-white, I grant, but Lord! the mouths it has wiped. Laugh away—a lunatic asylum has no terrors for me. They expect people to screech *there* when they can't hold in any longer; and that's a privilege *sane* people don't enjoy. I rather like a lunatic asylum. They never let your "friends" in there. They bury you at night; and put no tombstone over you with Jane, beloved wife of John, and all that, after tucking you up comfortably. I found that out last summer, in my travels, when investigating the subject.

Perhaps you think I'm crazy now. Well, there again I don't care; the craziest people in this world, are they who are never suspected of being so. Now, there's Mr. ———, who lives in ——— st———, and there's Mrs. ———, who lives in ——— Avenue, crazy—crazy as "March hares"—though why "March hares" are crazy, the Lord only knows—and yet they, these people I mean, walk by rule and plummet; bless you, you might time your hours of eating, drinking, and sleeping, by their rigid, punctilious, proper, gettings up, and sittings down. Let me tell you something. It is not the inmates of lunatic asylums who are crazy, it is they who are at large, outside the walls. As you may be looking for a summer retreat, I thought it but kindness to tell you.

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS says he lives in an eminently pious but rather gossipping community. In that community a "grand social party" lately came off, which a young lady, living at some distance from the village, attended with a beau who, having quarrelled with her during the evening, refused to take her home after the party was over. So she had to stay all night with a friend, our correspondent engaging to take her home the next evening. But on the appointed evening it stormed; it also stormed on the subsequent evening; and on the third evening, which had been set for the young lady to go home, she didn't want to go, although our correspondent was on hand with a conveyance. After that *his* engagements were such that he could not take her home, and so she was left to return to her friends as she best could. This whole matter being watched with intense solicitude by the gossips, has stirred up a vast deal of scandal, of which our correspondent finds himself the focus. He says, "I am blamed on all sides for my cruel and ungentlemanly conduct, and I want to know wherein I have done wrong." If you have given a correct version of the affair, you have not done wrong at all. Let the gossips chatter to their hearts' content.

EDWARD.—Words and phrases often force themselves into *business use* long before the lexicographers recognize and give them place in their dictionaries. It is quite common for merchants, grocers, and traders of all kinds, both wholesale and retail, to speak of almost any commodity in which they deal, in the *plural*, without regard to what lexicographers and grammarians say about such matters. The brevity and directness which business intercourse requires make short work of any technicality which stands in their way; and after a time the "authorities" give up the struggle and adopt such words and forms as the resistless spirit of the age forces upon them. It is not now considered heretical for a man to speak of "those teas," or "those sugars;" but when it comes to saying "those molasses," or "those butters," as you say some of your friends are in the habit of doing, the nervous system of man gives way before it, and the "intelligent hearer" writhes under the infliction like a victim of Russian despotism undergoing the administration of the knout.

POOR YOUNG HUSBAND.—It was a shameful piece of business for you to marry the old gentleman's daughter secretly and in opposition to his wishes. No wonder that you and she are now much troubled in regard to your condition, especially as you have lost the money on which you based your hopes of reconciliation with your father-in-law. The fact of your marriage must of course at last be made known, and the old gentleman will then be certain to resent your ill conduct. Why will not people remember, *in time*, that "the way of the transgressor is hard?"

L. G.—If you would only remember the good old Bible doctrine in regard to honoring one's parents, *and practice it*, you would doubtless be able to live at peace under the paternal roof, from which you are now a voluntary exile. The young man who permits himself to get in the habit of first disobeying and then deriding his parents' wishes may bid adieu to all hopes of peace and happiness on this earth, until he reforms his unfilial conduct and comes square up to the scripture platform as to such matters—and in fact as to *all* matters.

S. E. P.—When a man makes a vow, the adherence to and fulfilment of which are simply matters of conscience personal to himself, he should of course be governed by his *intention* at the time of making the vow and by his understanding of the import of the words used *at the time* he used them. The fact that the words are afterwards shown to him to mean something more and different than he supposed them to mean when he made the vow, ought not to trouble him.

THOUGHTLESS WIFE.—You are right in supposing that you did wrong to marry your husband simply because you at that time cared for nobody in particular, and thought you might as well marry him as anybody else. Such conduct is pretty sure to bring its punishment. You must now do the best you can and be the best wife that you *can* be, seeking the guidance of Heaven in all things.

A SORROWFUL BROTHER says that he has five sisters and one sweetheart; that he asked the latter to marry him, and that her reply was, "Yes, if *all* your sisters want *me* for a sister;" that on stating the case to his five sisters they *unanimously* declared that they didn't want and wouldn't have the young lady in question for a "sister" or sister-in-law, and informed our correspondent that he ought to be ashamed of himself to think of such a thing. The young lady hearing of this decision, flatly refused to marry him, and so the unhappy man is left to suffer between five indignant sisters on the one side and an offended and obdurate sweetheart on the other. In this dilemma he appeals to us, and solemnly asks if we think it is possible that his six tormentors love him as sisters or a sweetheart *should* love a brother or a lover. Our opinion is, that, however much the sisters on the one side and the sweetheart on the other may love our correspondent, they hate each other more.

CANADA.—When you ask us "if the Southern States would be a good place for a man to move to who is fifty years old, has a wife and six children, and is accustomed to book-keeping and drawing deeds, and has lived all his life in a cold climate, where snow is now falling, April 23rd," you put rather a broad question. The Southern States cover a great deal of territory, exhibit many differences in climate, and are noted for the variety of their productions and processes of industry. It is not at all improbable that somewhere within their wide domain you could find a chance to make a living; but it strikes us that a man who has lived half a century in any civilized community ought in that time to have accumulated a capital in the good-will and esteem of his fellow-citizens which it would be impossible for him to transfer to a strange land, and for which he could find no substitute among strangers.

RICHARD.—You should pay no attention to the legend that you are one of the heirs to a property valued at one hundred millions of dollars, "which has been in the hands of the British government for about three hundred years." If such a property *has* been in the hands of the British government for three hundred years, you may rest assured that it will remain in John Bull's possession "during the rest and residue of his natural life," as the lawyers say. Don't you contribute any of your hard-earned money to pay those who profess to be able to "secure this splendid fortune" for you. A belief in such a chimera would be an *ignis fatuus* that would ultimately lead you into a quagmire of bankruptcy and despair.

CORA.—If you would get a clear glimpse of your probable future in case you marry the man referred to, in opposition to your father's wishes, just read, in the installment of Miss Dupuy's "Evil Genius" which is published in the present number of the *Ledger*, the account which the Spaniard, Lopez, gives to his daughter, Inez, of the marriage (and fate) of her mother under circumstances not very dissimilar to your own. A daughter who deceives an affectionate and true-hearted father and runs off with a stranger, is almost certain to come to grief enough, even if she does not have such a tragic life and death as befel the wife of Lopez.

ZERO.—The mere fact that the young lady has permitted you occasionally to accompany her to church and elsewhere gives you no claim on her, and it is a great piece of impertinence for you to attempt to control her actions in any way, or to interfere with her choice of company. Your avowal that you want to find out her feelings towards you without letting her know what yours are towards her, reveals a degree of unfairness and underhandedness on your part which is unworthy of a man. You must first do the right thing yourself; and then, perhaps, it will do for you to call others to account.

IMPATIENT AT LAST.—It is no wonder that your patience should have given out after fourteen years of trial. Your husband is evidently a hopeless case, if one-half that you say of him is true. A man who can go on in such a long career of selfishness and deception as you have so frequently detected him in, must be utterly heartless and badly depraved. But there does not seem to be any help for you outside of your own moral and religious resources. Yours is one of those cases with which strangers should not meddle.

Y. R.—The meaning of *meerschaum* is "sea foam." It is a kind of clay which is found in beds, in various parts of Europe. It derives its name from the fact that when it is first taken out of the native bed it is soft and makes a fine, white lather like sea-foam, which the Germans in their language call "meerschaum." The German name of [illegible] has become universal by [illegible] great [illegible] of tobacco pipes (or [illegible]) of it, and the world-wide sale of those articles.

QUAKER GIRL.—It is strange that a "Quaker Girl" should seek for something to improve her complexion. The young ladies of your persuasion are generally as rosy and blooming in complexion as they are sound and pure in heart. You should eat plain food, take plenty of exercise in the open air, and help your mother do the house-work. Such a course of conduct as that you will find to be better for your complexion than any cosmetics which you can buy at the apothecary's.

UNFORTUNATE ENGAGEMENT.—As you do not love the man to whom you are engaged, and do not sympathize in his tastes and pursuits, you ought not to marry him. He may suffer on account of your refusal; but he had no business to persuade a girl of fourteen into an engagement. You are nothing but a child now, and ought to be at school and at play with girls of your own age, instead of fretting about a marriage engagement.

A QUANDARY.—If you are of full age, and support yourself, and are under no obligation to your friends, and love the servant-girl to whom you refer, and she loves you back again, then there does not seem to be any reason why you and she should not carry out your mutual wishes in the matter. But if your *parents* oppose the match, you should be cautious about wounding their feelings by setting their wishes at naught.

E. C.—The only advice which we can give to a girl who wishes to avoid letting her parents know what she wants to do and what she intends to do in her love affairs, is, to turn from the error of her ways at once, and give her fullest confidence to her father and mother. No one is so good a counsellor for a girl as her own mother.

ATCHISON, MO.—Should you send money in advance to any stranger for articles worth five times as much as the amount sent, the chances are that you would get cheated. A person must be very stupid indeed not to know that people can't afford to give, and will not give, any one five times as much for his money as it is worth.

STRANGER.—You can learn to write short-hand without the aid of a teacher, but a few lessons from an expert would greatly shorten and lighten your labors. There are many phonographic reporters in the city, some of whom you can hunt up and get all necessary information of in regard to the matter.

NINETEEN.—So long as you attend school, you should obey the rules. So far from your superior age being a reason for your exemption from obedience, it imposes upon you additional obligations. You should set the younger scholars an example of studiousness and good behaviour in every respect.

CLARICE.—The easiest way for you to ascertain "what the postage on your manuscript will be to Boston," will be to put it in an envelope, take it to the post-office of your village, and ask the post-master to weigh it and tell you how much the postage on it will be.

J. E. M.—It is not any part of the business of Insurance Companies to advance money or go security for the purpose of enabling an appointee to office to give the requisite bond. You must manage *that* matter through the *individual* aid of private friends.

IMMIGRANT.—The "*first* origin," as you put it, "of the Celts, the Gaels, the Saxons and the Gauls," was the creation of Adam and Eve.

MRS. J. L.—Antioch College is in Antioch, Ohio.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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